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THE

BERKSHIRE JUBILEE,

CELEBRATED AT

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

AUGUST 22 AND 23, 1844.

ALBANY:
WEARE. C. LITTLE.
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.....
1845.

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At a meeting of the Sons of Berkshire, at the close of the Jubilee, August 23, 1844, Judge Betts presiding, it was voted unanimously,

That the thanks of this meeting be presented to the Rev. Dr. Hopkins, to Joshua A. Spencer, Esq., and to the Rev. Dr. Allen, for their able and acceptable performances, consisting of a Sermon, Oration and Poem, and that they be respectfully requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Voted, That a committee be now raised to superintend and publish a Book containing the proceedings of this Jubilee, including the Speeches, Odes, Hymns and Sentiments, and such other matter as they may deem proper, and at as early a day as convenient.

Voted, That this committee consist of the following gentlemen, viz:

The Rev. J. TODD,
" " E. BALLARD,
CHARLES SEDGWICK, Esq.,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT, Esq.,
HENRY L. SABIN, M. D.

(Attest,)

James D. Colt, 2d,
Secretary.

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INTRODUCTION.

Berkshire is the large western county of Massachusetts, extending from Connecticut to Vermont, something like fifty miles in length, and containing somewhat over forty thousand inhabitants. On the east lie the Green Mountains, which shut it away from the rest of Massachusetts. On the west are the Taghcannic Mountains, which separate it from New-York. It is a region of hill and valley, mountain and lake, beautiful rivers and laughing brooks — the very Piedmont of America. Till the rail-road was completed, and the iron horse came puffing and snorting up over these mountains, Berkshire had very little intercourse with the rest of "the Old Bay State." Most of its business was done at New-York, while with New-York people it had none but a business intercourse. A community thus secluded, and educated amid scenery surpassingly lovely, breathing the mountain air, and drinking the waters which flow in thousands of rills down their mountain sides, till they form the Housatonic or "river of the hills," — must love the home of childhood. For the last fifty years, Berkshire has been constantly sending out her sons and daughters to other parts of the land to find new homes. In the meantime her own College has grown up, officered almost wholly by her own sons, till its name is among the very first in the land, and the old homestead has been steadily advancing in wealth, enterprise, educa-

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tion and morals. One of the oldest towns has just celebrated its centennial anniversary. Probably it would be impossible to find a county in the whole land in which there is more of the home feeling than in Berkshire; and wherever you go, if you can hail from this "garden of the Bay State," you are sure to find a warm welcome. Her sons are everywhere filling the highest posts of influence and respectability. No less than eight of these sons have been in Congress at the same time, and we believe the same number were on the Bench as Judges in a neighboring State, at the same time. Scattered over the land, these emigrant sons have ever yearned towards the homes of their fathers. By a sort of electrical excitement they seemed ripe for a gathering at once. A committee was raised in New-York to correspond with a similar committee in the county, and to make preparations for celebrating a Jubilee.

The following letter, addressed to a gentleman in Pittsfield, was the first received from the committee in New-York.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 16, 1843.

DEAR SIR—We have recently had a meeting here of the native and former residents of Berkshire county, to deliberate on the question whether it is best to endeavor to call home, at some spot in the county this summer, those who have migrated from this favored locality, for the purpose of renewing acquaintance and strengthening our attachments to our natal soil.

A committee was appointed to inquire of the present residents in the county what they would think of such a movement. It has been suggested that we have a *sermon*, a *poem*, an *oration* and a *dinner*, or great *tea party*, where we may talk *ad libitum*.

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Allow me, as one of the committee, to ask you to think of this matter and consult others around you, and then give us your counsel. The main points on which we want information are these:—

1. Is such a social gathering desirable and practicable in itself?

2. Would the citizens of the county take an interest in such a meeting?

3. If yea, *when* and *where* should the meeting be held?

4. What, in your judgment, should be the exercises of the occasion?

That such a meeting at *some time* would be attended with pleasing and useful results, I can hardly question. It would make that old American *Piedmont* (Berkshire county) still more honorable and influential than she now is.

Yours truly,

J. C. BRIGHAM.

On receiving this first communication from the New-York committee, the following answer was returned. It was addressed to the committee, and is inserted because it explains the origin of the Jubilee, and the feelings and views of those who moved in it.

PITTSFIELD, JUNE 19, 1843.

DEAR SIR—At a very respectable meeting of the citizens of this place, a letter from yourself, addressed to one of our number, in relation to a meeting of the former residents of Berkshire county, to be held in the county at the present or following season, was communicated.

After a discussion, in which all the bearings of the subject were seen, it was unanimously resolved that such a meeting is highly desirable, and the following

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gentlemen were chosen a committee to address the committee in New-York, viz: Rev. John Todd, Thomas B. Strong, Julius Rockwell, Lemuel Pomeroy, Jason Clapp, James D. Colt, E. R. Colt, Edward A. Newton, Rev. Edward Ballard, George N. Briggs, H. H. Childs, Phinehas Allen, O. P. Dickinson, and Thomas A. Gold.

In compliance with this resolution and in accordance with our instructions, as well as our own feelings, we beg leave to tender our congratulations that such a meeting is in contemplation. In every point of view in which we look at it, we feel that such a meeting must be highly interesting at the time, and no less useful in its results. The sons of old Massachusetts have reason to revere and love their native soil. She was the mother and the nurse of a mighty nation. In the very cradle, her children had to fight the battles, and use the wisdom, of mature manhood. And while the descendants of the Puritans who landed on her rocky coast have gone abroad, and amount to nearly five millions of souls, she holds on her way with her soil trodden by the free, and the air of her beautiful mountains still breathed by a noble race of men. Her hills, her valleys, and her laughing streams remain as they were, save that the former are greatly beautified by the hand of man, and the latter are pressed into his service and made the source of increasing wealth. Her Saxon hand, too, hath opened a path through her mountains of rock, and the iron horse climbs up and goes down what once seemed to be almost impassable barriers of nature.

But that which is the pride of Massachusetts is her sons and her daughters. They constitute her glory, whether they remain here to beautify and enrich the old homestead, or whether they go out to expend their

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indomitable energies under sunnier skies and on richer plains. Among these, Berkshire has furnished her full share — sons who would honor any parent. These we should rejoice to see gathered in the bosom of their mother, to hold a day of congratulations and sweet reflections. We love these sons and daughters none the less because they have gone from us, and we wish to have the home of their childhood live green in their memories. We would bind them through their affections, to the place of their birth, and have their memories linger among these scenes, and their hearts warm at the thought of their early homes. The chain that binds them to us is more than golden, and we would have its links grow brighter and stronger.

We would cordially respond to your proposal, then, and in the name of our fellow-citizens, and at their unanimous request, respectfully invite your committee to call such a meeting, to be held at Pittsfield, at as early a day as possible.

Of the convenience and suitableness of holding the meeting *here*, we need not speak. In making this invitation we are certain that we express the mind and feelings of the inhabitants of this town, while we most cordially invite the meeting to share our hospitality, to command our aid, and to feel that they come among none but warm friends.

While we thus extend this invitation and express it as our opinion that this is the most convenient and suitable place, we trust we should be not the less ready to co-operate, should your committee judge otherwise.

We would respectfully suggest to your committee that they immediately fix upon the time and place; that they make the invitation as general through the papers and as particular by letter, as possible; that they have the meeting long enough to secure the ends

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proposed; that they appoint a committee of arrangements in the county, to see that all things are ready and the whole county is moved to the gathering; that among the exercises there be a sermon, an oration and a poem in public; a public dinner or large tea party at which our mothers, wives and daughters may be present, and at which one poem shall be recited and extemporary speeches made, &c., and that the committee should invite and receive suitable hymns to be sung; such *original* poetry we mean, as we doubt not would be offered in abundance, and of a quality that is too high for praise.

We would have it an occasion of deep, cherished joy, such as will move Old Berkshire — the memory of which will thrill in after days; and we hope it will be every way worthy her glorious soil and of her sons and daughters. Let it be the lighting of a beacon on these hills that will show that the watch-tower of affection is still tenanted, and that the flame of love has not yet begun to grow pale.

In the name of our fellow-citizens we tender you our high regards.

In behalf of the committee,

J. TODD, *Chairman.*

At a subsequent meeting of citizens of the different towns in the county, the above committee, much enlarged, were elected as the County Committee, and after correspondence with the gentlemen of New-York, it was finally settled that the Jubilee should be held; that Pittsfield should be the place; and that the 22d and 23d of August, 1844, should be the time. The arrangements finally made were, that on Thursday, the 22d, the committee from New-York and the county committee should meet at the Town Hall, at eleven

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o'clock, A.M., where greetings and courtesies shall be passed. The preparations to receive the new comers were,

1. Every house, table, room, and chamber in Pittsfield was to be at the service of the guests, and even in the neighboring towns the same was done. No pains, time, or money was spared in making the fires burn brightly on the hearth-stones of each family. This part, like many others, cannot be printed.

2. Preparations were made to have the stranger-guests call on the citizens of Pittsfield without ceremony, and meet old faces as they passed from house to house.

3. A register was prepared in which the emigrant sons of Berkshire might insert their names, time of living in the county, present place of abode, or any other memoranda.

4. A stand and seats sufficient to contain between three and four thousand people, was erected on a beautiful hill just west of the village, and which commanded an enchanting view in all directions. "The river of the hills," (Housatonic,) kissed the foot of the hill, while the lofty "Grey Lock" on the north, seemed to look down upon us as if he was the stern guardian of the valley, and father of all the beautiful mountains which lay around.

5. The Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College, was appointed to greet the returning sons and daughters in a sermon.

6. The Hon. Joshua A. Spencer, of Utica, was appointed to deliver an oration.

7. Music, secular and sacred, was provided. Odes and songs had been written in great abundance, and of superior excellence. One of the first bands in the

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country was secured and brought on the ground for the occasion.

8. A poem was assigned to the Rev. William Allen, D.D., of Northampton, and also minor poems to others of acknowledged poetical talents.

9. Provision was made for speeches, sentiments, &c.

10. A dinner, (at which his Excellency, Governor Briggs, was to preside,) all dressed and cooked in Boston, and transported with all necessary furniture on the rail-road, was provided on the delightful grounds formerly known as "the Military grounds," and now occupied by the Young Ladies' Institute. The tables were spread under a canopy, and capable of seating over three thousand people. The whole to be conducted on the strictest principles of the temperance reformation, sobriety, cheerful and dignified friendship.

Such were the measures adopted to welcome hearts that had been throbbing at the thought of the gathering all over the United States. In every part of the land little plans had been laid by which to bring families and friends together, and have friendship renew the oil in her lamps. It was to be the gathering of a great family.

It now remains to conduct the reader through the various services of the occasion, and give him the opportunity to partake of the mental productions which the Jubilee called out. *The Jubilee itself cannot be printed or described.* At the urgent request of many, though at the expense of typographical beauty, the several exercises will be inserted in the order of their occurrence, so that they may, as far as possible, by association, bring back to the memory of those who were present, the pleasurable emotions then enjoyed.

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COMMITTEES.

NEW-YORK COMMITTEE.

SAMUEL R. BETTS,
MARSHALL S. BIDWELL,
J. C. BRIGHAM,
D. D. FIELD,
R. S. COOK,
THEODORE SEDGWICK,
WILLIAM C. BRYANT,
ORVILLE DEWEY,
RUSSEL C. WHEELER,
MASON NOBLE,
THOMAS EGLESTON,
ROBERT CENTER,
H. P. PEET,
JOSEPH HYDE,
RUEL SMITH,
DRAKE MILLS,
EDWARD WILLIAMS,
WILLIAM SHERWOOD.

COMMITTEES IN BERKSHIRE.

ORIGINAL COMMITTEE OF FOURTEEN :

Rev. JOHN TODD,
THOMAS B. STRONG,
JULIUS ROCKWELL,
LEMUEL POMEROY,
JASON CLAPP,
JAMES D. COLT,
E. R. COLT,
EDWARD A. NEWTON,
Rev. EDWARD BALLARD,
GEORGE N. BRIGGS,
H. H. CHILDS,
PHINEHAS ALLEN,
O. P. DICKINSON,
THOMAS A. GOLD.

The following gentlemen were subsequently added to the above Committee:

EZEKIEL BACON,
NATHAN WILLIS,
HOSEA MERRILL, Jr.,
THOMAS F. PLUNKETT,
JAMES ROOT,
ELIJAH ROBBINS,
JOHN WELLER,
ABEL WEST,
HENRY ROOT,
JARED INGERSOLL,
THEODORE HINSDALE,
JABEZ PECK,
RICHARD C. COGSWELL,
PARKER L. HALL,
TITUS GOODMAN,
JAMES FRANCIS,
CHARLES CHURCHILL,
JAMES D. COLT, 2d,
THEODORE POMEROY,
HENRY COLT,
THADDEUS CLAPP,
GEORGE S. WILLIS,
PHINEHAS ALLEN, Jr.,
ROBERT COLT,
WM. M. WALKER,
DAVID CAMPBELL,
E. P. LITTLE,
GEORGE P. BRIGGS,
GORDON McKAY,
TIMOTHY CHILDS,
CHARLES BUSH,
ROBERT POMEROY,
ALANSON P. DEAN,
EDWIN CLAPP,

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SAMUEL A. CHURCHILL,
ETHAN JANES,
OTIS PECK,
HENRY HUBBARD,
WALTER LAFLIN,
ENSIGN H. KELLOGG,
CALVIN MARTIN,
OLIVER S. ROOT,
GEORGE W. CAMPBELL,
ROBERT CAMPBELL,
FRANKLIN ROOT,
ROBERT FRANCIS, Jr.

AUXILIARY TOWN COMMITTEES.

LEMUEL POMEROY, Pittsfield.
HENRY H. CHILDS, "
CHARLES SEDGWICK, Lenox.
HENRY W. BISHOP, "
HORATIO BYINGTON, Stockbridge.
EDWARD BURRALL, "
INCREASE SUMNER, Great Barrington.
WASHINGTON ADAMS, "
EDWARD R. ENSIGN, Sheffield.
ARETAS RISING, "
GEORGE HULL, Sandisfield.
LESTER FILLEY, Otis.
SETH J. NORTON, New Marlborough.
WILBUR CURTIS, Egremont.
SAMUEL GATES, West Stockbridge.
WILLIAM BACON, Richmond.
Doct. FREELAND, Becket.
WILLIAM E BRAYTON, Adams.
THOMAS ROBINSON, "
FRANKLIN O. SAYLES, South Adams.
R. PICKET, Alford.
RUSSELL BROWN, Cheshire.
JOHN CHAMBERLIN, Dalton.
MONROE EMMONS, Hinsdale.
ASAHEL BUCK, Jr., Lanesborough.
OLIVER NASH, Peru.
SNELLUM BABBIT, Savoy.
SAMUEL FARGO, Jr., Tyringham.
PHILIP EAMES, Washington.
DANIEL N. DEWEY, Williamstown.
ASAHEL FOOT, Jr., "
WILLIAM PORTER, Jr., Lee.
ALEXANDER HYDE, "
RODMAN HAZARD, Hancock.
SILAS M. GARDNER, "
PHINEHAS HARMON, N. Ashford.
DANIEL MOWREY, Florida.
Maj. RICE, Clarksburgh.
IRA CHUTT, Mt. Washington.
C. BALDWIN, Windsor.

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FINANCIAL COMMITTEE.

JULIUS ROCKWELL,
ENSIGN H. KELLOGG,
PHINEHAS ALLEN, Jr.

COMMITTEE OF RECEPTION.

THOMAS A. GOLD,
O. S. ROOT,
E. R. COLT,
GEORGE P. BRIGGS,
ROBERT COLT.

OFFICERS OF THE JUBILEE.

PRESIDENT:

His Excellency Gov. BRIGGS.

VICE-PRESIDENTS:

HENRY H. CHILDS,
GEORGE HULL,
EZEKIEL BACON,
SAMUEL R. BETTS,
DODDRIDGE CROCKER,
MARSHALL S. BIDWELL,
WM. P. WALKER,
CHARLES A. DEWEY,
NATHAN WILLIS,
JOHN WHITING,
LEMUEL POMEROY,
CYRUS STOWELL,
EDWARD A. NEWTON,
JOSIAH Q. ROBINSON,
PHINEHAS ALLEN,
RUSSELL BROWN,
HENRY HUBBARD,
SAMUEL ROSSITER,
WILBUR CURTISS,
HENRY W. BISHOP,
JAMES D. COLT,
KEYES DANFORTH,
JOHN MILLS,
OLIVER P. COLT,
CALVIN MARTIN,
RODMAN HAZARD,
JASON CLAPP,
ISAAC HILLS,
CHARLES SEDGWICK,
JOHN CHAMBERLIN,
HARVEY P. PEET,
JAMES LARNED,
WILLIAM PORTER, Jr.,
DANIEL N. DEWEY,
HORATIO BYINGTON,
THOMAS ROBINSON,
LESTER FILLEY,
INCREASE SUMNER,
PARKER L. HALL,
HOMER BARTLETT,
EDWARD STEVENS,
SAMUEL GATES,
ELEAZER WILLIAMS,
JOS. QUINCY,
THOMAS F. PLUNKETT,
JONATHAN ALLEN,
DIODATUS NOBLE.

CHAPLAINS:

Rev. S. SHEPARD, D.D.,
Rev. JAMES BRADFORD,
Rev. SAMUEL B. SHAW,
Rev. JOHN ALDEN,
Rev. D. D. WHEEDON.

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FIRST DAY.

AUG. 22.

RECEPTION MEETING.

An informal meeting of the emigrant sons and the present residents of the County, took place at the Town Hall, at 11 o'clock, A.M. Mr. Todd, Chairman of the County Committee, called the meeting to order, stated the arrangements which had been made, and introduced Thomas A. Gold, Esq., Chairman of the Committee of Reception to the New-York Committee. Mr. Gold welcomed our friends as follows:

Fellow-Citizens, Sons of Berkshire from abroad:

Brethren—As we meet on this unprecedented and joyful occasion, let us gratefully acknowledge the beneficent hand of Providence. It is with no common emotion of satisfaction and happiness, as the organ of the Reception Committee, and in behalf of the natives and citizens of Berkshire, I tender to you our most sincere and heart-felt congratulations. We meet you with open doors and open hearts and wide stretched arms, to welcome you to your native soil.

Welcome, thrice welcome, brethren of old Berkshire, to all the hospitality and friendship which we, who have been spared to occupy the old domain, can bestow on you and yours. It is a circumstance of momentous import with your brethren at home, to have witnessed in their brethren from abroad, that fraternal attachment to the places of their nativity which suggested this happy —this eventful meeting. Let that spirit, and that heaven-born feeling that prompted it, kindle with increasing and permanent ardor, devotion and sincerity, and may it endure so long as the beautiful hills of Berkshire shall retain their verdure, and the innumerable fountains upon them (emblematic of our friendship,) continue to throw out their pure and sparkling streams, that render

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our sweet vale the most delightful spot on earth. What though among the large number of Berkshire's sons who have emigrated to other states and other kingdoms, there may be found (as the common allotment of man,) here and there a fallen spirit, we say to you come, to all, come, "the fatted calf is killed;" come, all things are ready; come, drink at the pure fountains of Old Berkshire, that require nothing artificial to make them sweeter or more palatable, and drink deeper at the fountain of love and good feeling that shall gush forth on this joyful occasion. This convocation is calculated naturally to awaken mingled feelings of sorrow and of joy; for who among us can fail to remember our fathers and brothers who are *not* with us, but whom we hope to meet on an occasion infinitely more joyous than this.

When we advert to the bright side of the picture in our historical contemplations, well may we indulge an honest pride, and without charge of vanity, speak of the noble deeds and virtuous doings of Berkshire's noble sons in other states and other countries. You would not perhaps bear with me on this topic, in the gratification of my own feelings, should I dwell on those characters, the honor and pride of Old Berkshire, who have honored us and themselves more in their successful exertions to ameliorate and improve the condition of man, very many of whom as a partial reward of merit, have been elevated to or yet hold high stations in the gift of the people, and many more who have been deservedly distinguished in ethics, history, poetry, the arts and sciences, and the "literary world." In all these particulars, no State or section of country has been more highly blessed, or the character of Berkshire elevated by her worthy sons, than our neighboring State of New-York. Brethren, it is not surprising that you should feel desirous to return to greet us with your good feelings, and shed down upon us the influence of your virtues and honors. To all this you will meet a sincere response. Glorious event! Let it have its legitimate influence in reviving and perpetuating a deeper interest in our individual welfares, and it shall be a bright spot in the history of our country—be productive of increasing joy and happiness in all coming time—an example worthy of imitation, and thus shall it tend to unite and bless our whole nation.

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The Rev. R. S. Cook, of the New-York Committee, responded to the address of the Chairman of the Committee of Reception, nearly as follows :

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Berkshire Committee :

The duty of acknowledging the kind and cordial welcome you have extended to the sons of Berkshire, was assigned to the distinguished Chairman of our committee, the Hon. Judge Betts. In his unexpected detention, I am called upon by my associates to perform the pleasing task.

The occasion which has assembled us, is believed to be altogether unique. The elements of interest differ widely from those which enter into the ordinary gatherings of the people. No sectarian or partizan zeal; no selfish or ambitious purpose has called us from our business and our homes. We have left all political prejudices and animosities, and all business, cares and troubles behind us, and have devoted these few days to social and patriotic feeling. We have come from the mountains of the north and the plains of the south ; from the cities of the east and the prairies of the west ; from the four quarters of the land we have come to our *Berkshire home*, to revive the friendships and associations of boyish years, and live over again in memory and imagination, the days of our youth. From the plough and the shop; from the counter and the office; from the bar and the bench; from the walls of learning and of legislation; from the field of benevolent enterprise and from the pulpit, we have come. We have come to revisit the old homestead; to drink from the old oaken bucket; to gather fruit from the old orchard and berry field; to catch the speckled trout from the old mountain brook; to hunt the squirrel and the partridge in the same old forest; to climb the same old hills and mountains, and breathe the pure exhilerating Berkshire air. We have come to look again upon the old red school-house and the academy and the college, where many of us received the rudiments or the more advanced stages of the education which has fitted us for our various stations in life. We have come to take our place in the old meeting-house, and to perform a pilgrimage of affection to the graves of the loved ones of other days. But " the fathers," where are they ? Where are the venerable pastors—the Catlins and Allens and Hydes of our youthful days ? And where the Walkers and Sedgwicks and Danforths, before whose patriarchal forms irreverence was rebuked, and the hoary head was honored ? They

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have gone to their rest : may they be succeeded worthily by the resident sons of Berkshire !

Here we are ! Thanks to God that we are here ! Look upon your sons, Berkshire, and see if they have disgraced their honored parent. Cast your eye around upon these manly forms, these ample foreheads, these beaming and now melting eyes. You can see at a glance that they are all *cold water men*, and a large proportion are pious men. Many occupy places of distinction. I recognize many whom I have seen presiding in the halls of justice ; others are well known in the National and State legislatures; many others have distinguished themselves at the Bar, and others still in the sacred profession. Some have returned from their toils among the distant heathen, and in visiting the place of their nativity, they have come to the *cradle of American Missions*.

But there are hundreds, and probably thousands, who are not here, some of whom are occupying equally important and honored stations. The Secretary of State, several of the members of Congress, and many of the judges of the state of New-York; the Chief Justice of Michigan; the U. S. District Judge of Indiana; professors in the Theological Seminaries at Columbia, S. C., and Newton, Mass., and many, many others who might be named are not with us. We regret that they are not: and so will they, when they know that while the mountains and the rivers are what they always were, the *heart* of Berkshire has grown a great deal larger, and that it beats with a mightier throb towards its emigrant sons.

The question has often been asked, where did the idea of this Jubilee originate? This may be a fitting occasion for answering that question. A gentleman whose official relation has led him to travel extensively in this country, and who was brought into contact with a great number of intelligent men, found those in influential and useful stations in nearly every principal city and State, who hailed from Berkshire. Returning to the county, as he always did once or twice each year, he found the people of a particular town ignorant of the fact that distinguished men had emigrated from adjacent towns; and the emigrants themselves were unaware of the Berkshire origin of men with whom they were familiar in commercial, political or ecclesiastical circles. The idea was conceived five or six years ago, of bringing together the emigrants from this county, with the view of forming a band of brotherhood between

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them; awakening on the part of the citizens of the County, an interest in the fame and usefulness of its sons, and furnishing an illustration of the influence which New England is exerting on the country and the world. Wherever the idea has been suggested, it has been cordially approved. The time for its realization has been delayed for various reasons, but chiefly with the hope of such relieving prosperity as the country now enjoys. A year ago last April, he had the pleasure of meeting our respected Orator (Hon. J. A. SPENCER,) in the rail cars west of Albany, and the thought occurred that he had been named as one of Berkshire's honored sons. The inquiry was made whether he retained any attachment for his native county? "Yes," said he, "it is a part of my religion to go back there once a year." The plan for this gathering was suggested, and he entered into it with all his heart. A programme for the occasion was made on a card, essentially as it is now arranged. On the return of the individual of whom I speak, to the city of New-York, he met the late lamented Col. STONE, who promised and gave the aid of the Commercial Advertiser in forwarding the plan. When preparing an article for the Journal of Commerce, suggesting a meeting of the emigrants resident in New-York, it became necessary to have a title, and the "BERKSHIRE JUBILEE" was first written. Some of my associates of the Committee have been mainly instrumental, in conjunction with the efficient Berkshire Committee, in securing that consummation in which we rejoice to-day.

I have a single suggestion to make, said Mr. C., in concluding these desultory remarks. Though this is the first, it will not be the last County Jubilee. Hampshire and Hartford and Bennington and Hillsboro' and Kennebec counties may have theirs. Let them be held from year to year. A blessing will be in them all. A feeling will be awakened which can only be satisfied with a general gathering of the emigrant tribes of New England. The suggestion then, is, that there be a NEW ENGLAND JUBILEE at Bunker Hill in 1850, and that the Governors of the New England States, and the Presidents of the New England Colleges, be a committee to send out a call for the great convocation. It is time that the world should know what is the influence of the Puritan stock and Puritan Institutions.

In behalf of the New-York Committee and the emigrant sons of

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Berkshire, I accept and thank you for the generous welcome with which we are received. The preparations made are on a scale of characteristic hospitality. The greeting we have received is more than a compensation for the sacrifices made in coming, as many of us have, a thousand miles or more to attend this festival.

May the blessing of the Most High rest on these beautiful hills and fertile valleys: and may those who abide here, and the thousands who shall yet go forth hence to people and to bless other States and lands, dwell under the shadow of the Almighty, until we all "return and come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon our heads."

At two o'clock, P.M., the procession was organized at the Park in the centre of the village, and moved to the hill prepared for the exercises, in the following order, accompanied by music.

ORDER OF PROCESSION.

1. President of the Day and Sheriff of the County.
2. Vice-Presidents.
3. Speakers.
4. The Clergy.
5. New-York Committee.
6. Berkshire County Committees.
7. Faculty of Williams College.
8. Faculty of Berkshire Medical Institution.
9. Emigrant sons and former residents of Berkshire.
10. Citizens of the County.

WILLIAM C. PLUNKETT, of Adams, CHIEF MARSHAL.

ASSISTANT MARSHALS.

GRENVILLE D. WESTON, Dalton.
WILLIAM WILLIAMS, Stockbridge.
CHARLES M. OWEN, Lee.
STODDARD HUBBELL, Lanesborough.
RUSSELL A. GIBBS, "
JUSTUS TOWER, "
LEVI GOODRICH, Pittsfield.
AMOS BARNES, "
CHARLES CHURCHILL, "
JABEZ PECK, "
ALBERT G. BELDEN, Lenox.
HENRY H. COOK, "
JABEZ HALL, Adams.
CHARLES W. HOPKINS, G't Barrington.
WILLIAM B. SAXTON, Sheffield.
PHILIP EAMES, Washington.
WILLIAM WATERMAN, Williamstown.
MOSES DAY, Otis.
HENRY PUTNAM, Hinsdale.

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We now insert the exercises as they took place on the afternoon of Thursday, August 22d.

1. ANTHEM.

Wake the song of jubilee !
Let it echo o'er the sea !
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power !

All ye nations join and sing,
" Christ, of lords and kings is King !"
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore !

Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.

2. PRAYER. By the Rev. Dr. Shepard.

3. SINGING. Psalm. Tune—*Majesty.*

Our land, O Lord, with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
And, blest with thy salvation, raise,
To heaven their cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence, through nations round,
Has spread our wond'rous name;
And our successful actions crowned
With dignity and fame.

Then let our land on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy, which adorns his throne,
Shall all our wants supply.

Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous power declare,
And thus exalt thy fame;
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine Almighty name.

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WILLIAMSTOWN, FROM THE SOUTH.

A SERMON,

DELIVERED AT PITTSFIELD,

AUGUST 22, 1844,

ON THE OCCASION OF

THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

By MARK HOPKINS, D.D.

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SERMON.

And this is the Berkshire Jubilee! We have come —the sons and daughters of Berkshire — from our villages, and hill sides, and mountain tops; from the distant city, from the far west, from every place where the spirit of enterprise and of adventure bears men — we have come. The farmer has left his field, the mechanic his work-shop, the merchant his counting-room, the lawyer his brief, and the minister his people, and we have come to revive old and cherished associations, and to renew former friendships — to lengthen the cords and strengthen the stakes of every kind and time-hallowed affection.

And coming thus from these wide dispersions, under circumstances which must carry our minds back to the first dawnings of life, and cause us to review all the path of our pilgrimage; coming too as natives and citizens of a State on the eastern border of which is Plymouth rock, what so suitable as that our first public act should be to assemble ourselves for the worship of the God of our fathers, and our God, and to do honor to those institutions of religion through the influence of which, chiefly, we are what we are, and without which the moral elements in which this occasion has originated could not have existed. Coming thus to cele-

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brate a local thanksgiving — local in one sense, but extended in another, since this day our family affection is thrown around a whole county, — how fit is it, while we look back on all the way in which God has led us, while our kind feelings towards our fellow men are awakened and strengthened, that we should suffer all the goodness of God to lead us to him — that we should adopt, as I am sure every one of us has reason to do, the language of the Psalmist, and say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

This passage of Scripture, which I have selected as my text on this occasion, will be found in the 116th Psalm and the 7th verse:

"RETURN UNTO THY REST, O MY SOUL; FOR THE LORD HATH DEALT BOUNTIFULLY WITH THEE."

These words assert a fact, and contain an exhortation based on that fact. We will first attend to the fact; and then to the exhortation.

The fact asserted is, "The Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." And here, in accordance with what has already been said of the propriety of our assembling thus, the first thing which I notice is the agency of God in the prosperity of men. The assertion is, "The *Lord* hath dealt bountifully with thee."

The Bible differs from all other books in its recognition of God in every thing. There we not only find it formally stated that in him we live and move and have our being, that not a sparrow falls to the ground without him, and that the very hairs of our

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heads are all numbered; but we find an incidental reference to him of all those events which are usually attributed to natural causes. There we find no personification and deification of the laws of nature, or of any principles or agencies to come between the creature and God. There we find no identification of God with the Universe on the one hand, and no exclusion of him from it, under the prètence of exalting him, on the other. He is there represented, indeed, as in the midst of his works, but as being as distinct from them as the builder of the house is from the house. He is represented as the proprietor of all things, as sustaining and controlling all things, and as furnishing by his all-pervading agency the only conditions on which any subordinate agency can be exercised. Do the Israelites triumph in battle? It is God who gives them the victory. Does an enemy come up against them? It is God who brings him. Famine, and pestilence, and great warriors are the scourges of God. It is *his* sun that *he* causeth to rise upon the evil and upon the good; and *his* rain that *he* sendeth upon the just and upon the unjust. "He hath made the earth by his power, he hath established the world by his wisdom, and stretched out the heavens by his discretion. When he uttereth his voice there is a multitude of waters in the heavens, and he causeth the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth; he maketh lightnings with rain, and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures." His are the "corn and the wine, and the oil and the flax." His are the beasts of the field, and the cattle upon a

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thousand hills, and he exercises a providential control over all. What he giveth his creatures they gather; "He openeth his hand; and they are filled with good. He hideth his face, they are troubled; He taketh away their breath, they die and return to their dust." If any are in adversity, it is because God tries and would correct them; if any are in prosperity, it is because God hath dealt bountifully with them. Is success the result of strength and skill? that strength and skill he gives. The most wise and skillful, not less than the most fortunate, has reason to render thanksgiving and praise to him.

It is this fact of the universal, absolute, and entire dependence of all creatures upon God, a fact elementary to all true religion, which places us in the peculiar relation which we hold to God as a Father, which lies at the foundation of gratitude for the past, and trust for the future, of which we would feel at all times, but especially at this time, a deep, abiding, and practical sense. Whatever of goodness and mercy have followed us; whatever of prosperity, and success, and enjoyment have been ours, we would to-day look back upon the way in which God has led us, and ascribe it all to him. We would say it is because "the *Lord* hath dealt bountifully with us."

Thus recognizing the agency of God, we next enquire for a moment, what it is for him to deal bountifully with us. This would seem to require but little explanation, but it must be noticed in connexion with what has just been said of that agency, lest the evil

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which results from the negligence and folly and vice of men, should be imputed to the provisions and agency of God.

When God is said to deal bountifully with men, reference is sometimes had to the original endowments which he bestows upon them. Thus, if we compare man with the brutes, we find him possessed of a commanding intellect, and reason, and conscience, of which they are entirely destitute. These he has received from God, and God may be justly said to have dealt bountifully with him in bestowing them. So also, if we compare men with each other, we find them possessing every variety of constitution and natural gifts, and of some it may be said emphatically and pre-ëminently, that God hath dealt bountifully with them.

But in general, when we speak of God's dealing bountifully with men, we do not refer to the original endowments and capabilities with which they are furnished. These are taken for granted, and the bounty of God is made to consist in his bestowment of those external gifts by means of which all the faculties and capabilities of man are developed, and in which they find their true enjoyment. Scarcely more dependent is the seed upon the rain and the sunshine to cause it to germinate and grow, than is man upon means and influences external to himself, and to a great extent independent of himself for growth and enjoyment. God is an independent being. He suffices unto himself. He is infinitely happy in himself, and is dependent in no degree upon any external adjustment, or

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upon any correspondence to him of things without. Hence no accident can reach him, no change can affect him. In this respect his mode of existence is totally different from that of all created beings. Creatures, probably from the necessity of the case, are dependent upon God. It is the glory and happiness of rational and moral creatures that they are dependent upon him directly and immediately as the only object to which their faculties correspond, and which is capable of calling them fully forth, and giving them complete satisfaction. But in many respects, we, and probably all creatures, are dependent, not immediately upon God, but upon other things which he has created and placed in certain relations to us, and upon God through them. "Every species of creature," says Bishop Butler, "is, we see, designed for a particular way of life, to which the nature, the capacities, temper and qualifications of each species are as necessary as their external circumstances." And I may add, that their external circumstances are as necessary as their capacities, tempers, and qualifications. "Both," he continues, "come into the motion of such state or way of life, and are constituent parts of it. Change a man's capacities or character to the degree in which it is conceivable they may be changed, and he would be altogether incapable of a human course of life, and human happiness, as incapable as if, his nature continuing unchanged, he were placed in a world where he had no sphere of action, nor any objects to answer his appetites, passions, and affections of any sort. One

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thing is set over against another, as an ancient writer expresses it. Our nature corresponds to our external condition. Without this correspondence there would be no possibility of any such thing as human life and human happiness, which life and happiness are therefore a *result* from our nature and condition jointly, meaning by human life, not *living* in the literal *sense*, but the whole complex notion commonly understood by those words."

According to this view, the highest idea we can have of the bounty of God in his dealings with his creatures would be—not, as is commonly supposed, that he should give them large possessions that should be subject to the control of their will, not that he should give such possessions at all — "For a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he possesseth," — but that for every internal want, susceptibility, faculty, there should be its corresponding external object by means of which every want might be supplied, every susceptibility met, every faculty be trained to its highest expansion, and receive the fullest enjoyment of which it was capable. The provision, with given faculties, of such external objects is what we commonly mean by bounty; and if the expansion and enjoyment of the faculties would flow from the relations in which they are placed spontaneously, and without effort of ours, we are apt to think the bounty would be increased. Perhaps this would be so in a perfect state. Perhaps it will be so in heaven — and perhaps it will not. But it is not so here, and it cannot be in a world intended to

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be a place of probation, or of discipline. Here God makes the provision, but man must apply it in accordance with those laws which he has instituted. God makes the provision, and how wonderful is it! How infinite, how varied, how exact are the correspondencies between the susceptibilities and powers of living beings, and the objects around them! In no point of view does the universe of God present a more pleasing object of study. Yes, God makes the provision, and though men should apply it unwisely, or not at all; though they should, as they do, pervert his gifts to their own unhappiness, yet it may still be said that "The Lord hath dealt *bountifully* with them."

We now proceed to the assertion on which I wish chiefly to dwell. The Lord hath dealt bountifully with *thee*. In illustrating this, I shall be expected to dwell chiefly on those manifestations of goodness which are suggested by the peculiar occasion on which we have met. But these, as common to us all, cannot reach the heart as would those more particular instances of the Divine goodness of which we have had individual experience. In these we find the deepest and truest grounds of thankfulness. How affecting to some of us must the remembrance of these be! while there is not one, whether we have wandered abroad and now returned, or whether we have remained, who cannot adopt, each with an application peculiar to himself, the language of the verse succeeding the text and say, "For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." The re-

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membrance of these individual mercies let us cherish; and I recall them now, that that remembrance may lie warm about our hearts, and give an interest to those more general instances of goodness of which I must speak.

I observe then, first, that God has dealt bountifully with us in the provision he has made for our physical wants. By this I mean, not merely that we have been free from actual want, and the fear of it,—that "bread has been given us, and that our waters have been sure," —but I mean the supply and arrangement of all those substances and agencies by which the physical man is brought to the greatest perfection. How great is the variety in the same species of vegetables and animals, as they are sustained by different nutriment, and are subjected to diversities of climate! How great, from the same causes, is the diversity in the races of men! Originally God made all men of the same blood to dwell on the face of the earth; but now we see the dwarfed Laplander, the small-eyed, high-cheeked, swarthy Tartar, the black and wooly headed Hottentot, the slender and delicately formed Hindoo, the tall lithe form of the American Indian, and our own fair race before whom those Indians have melted away. Of these varieties of the human race, some, whether beauty or power be regarded, come nearer the standard of a perfect physical organization than others. Some climates, some articles of food, some modes of life are more favorable than others to the full growth and perfection of the animal frame. A temperate climate, pure mountain

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breezes, clear springs of water and running brooks, and an abundance of nourishing food, which is yet yielded only to the hand of an industry that fully developes and compacts and hardens the frame, seem to be the chief conditions of its perfect expansion. And which of these is wanting to those who dwell in these valleys, and upon the sides of these hills? We can indeed boast no superiority here over many others. In some respects, and at some seasons, others may have advantages over us. We hear them speak of the sunny south, and of the milder and more fertile west and southwest. But the bounty of God as bearing on the physical frame is relative, not merely to passive enjoyment, but, from their reaction upon that frame, to habits of active industry and of virtuous self-denial; and history furnishes no example of a people possessing a soil more fertile and a climate more bland than ours, who have not degenerated and become luxurious and effeminate. No doubt the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers where they did, was ordered of God. If they had landed at New Orleans, the result would have been widely different. Nor does it follow, because those who go out from us to regions of greater ease and more abundant wealth say they would not return, that it will be as well for their children of the second and third generations. But without attempting to measure with exactness that which does not admit of it, we are so favored that I suppose there is no where a spot where an occasion like this would draw together a company of people who would on the whole be supe-

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rior to those before me, in their physical aspect and organization. No doubt there is room for improvement. The physical man is not here or elsewhere what it will be when men universally shall learn and obey the laws of temperance in all things, the great organic laws of God. But let *us* do this, and we are within that range of agencies through which the highest perfection of man may be reached, and if so, it may be truly said that "God hath dealt bountifully with us."

I observe again, that God has dealt bountifully with us in granting us those aspects of nature, and those influences of society by which we have been surrounded. Nature and society—these, next to the Spirit and word of God, are the two great agencies for calling forth that higher life of man, that life of thought and emotion, of taste and affection, which comes forth from the lower animal life as the flower from the stalk and the enfolding leaves. Each of these has its appropriate office, and compared with these, what is technically called education is comparatively inefficient.

Man is not thrown into the lap of nature simply that she should supply the wants of his animal frame. No, she has voices in which she speaks to him, and a countenance of varying aspects upon which he may look. To these voices and aspects there are spirits that are attuned, and the child is to be pitied who is shut out from nature, or who has not felt a wild and undefinable delight as he has entered the deep woods, and heard the note of the wood bird, and gathered moss and strange flowers; as he has seen and fled

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before the coming storm; as he has looked at the rainbow spanning the heavens; as he has climbed the mountain top and gazed on the wide prospect beneath. To such an one, rightly educated, there is not a single aspect or mood in which nature can be found, from the quiet reverie of her summer noon, to the passion of her storms and tornadoes, in which his spirit does not sympathise.

But while nature has sounds of melody and sights of beauty for all, how diverse are those which she presents by the shore of the ocean, on the level or rolling sea of the western prairie, among the wild and desolate rocks of the White Hills, or among the green mountains and hills and vallies of our own Berkshire? Nor is it possible, where there is mental developement, that this diversity should be without its effect upon it. From the variety of soil and climate which it involves, this diversity will not only produce a difference in the habits and occupations of life, but also in all the associations, and so far as the conceptive faculty is concerned, in the whole web and texture of our mental being. From what can our ideal world of forms and colors be framed but from the little actual world that surrounds the horizon of our childhood? No doubt there are those upon whom, from the hard pressure of animal wants, or the withering effects of oppression, or from early absorption in the rounds of fashion, or from sensuality and vice, the finest scenery makes no more impression than the shadow of the cloud as it passes over the rock. It is melancholy

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to hear the author of "Letters from Abroad," saying, "I have never seen people that seemed to me merer animals than the Swiss peasants amid their sublimest scenery." Still, there will be those every where, and where culture is general there will be many, from whose minds the tinge and coloring given by early scenes can never be entirely removed. And when these scenes are remarkable for grandeur or beauty, how strong is the impression which they often make! How does it become incorporated into our very being, and the love of them become a passion! So has it been in Switzerland. It has been the Swiss soldier alone whom home sickness has unfitted for duty; in his regiments alone, has it been forbidden to play the air that reminded him most of his native mountains and vallies. So it has been among the Highlands of Scotland; and so, to some extent, has it been with us. No doubt the call for this meeting has originated, in part, from a yearning to behold again these familiar scenes — because the hillside, and the old house, and the tree by it, and the encircling mountains had become a part of our being, and would come back in our sleeping or waking dreams. I know how it is with you, my brethren from abroad. You wanted to see again these old mountains. How often have I heard those who have gone from us to the west, say how they longed to see mountains.

And here certainly, in the scenery of the County, God has dealt bountifully with us. I am willing to make every allowance that ought to be made for our

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own feelings, I am willing to confess that this scenery is more beautiful to us because it is ours. I should be sorry if it were not so. I envy not that philosophical generality which would root up all the early green of the soul, and if there are any here who bless themselves in having done so, I wish no communion with them. But making every allowance that ought to be made, it must be conceded that in no County in the State, and in few in the Union will there be found more fine scenery than in this of ours. On its southern border we have Taghcannic mountain with its Bashbishe. Then we have those "gray old rocks,"

> "That seem a fragment of some mighty wall
> Built by the hand that fashioned the old world
> To separate the nations, and thrown down
> When the flood drowned them."

And then we have Gray Lock, the highest point in the State, giving a view that for vastness and sublimity is equalled by nothing in New England except the White Hills. And then how much of beauty there is in a ride through the length of the County whether it be when the green of summer is in its full freshness, or when

> "The woods of Autumn all around our vales
> Have put their glory on."

Probably most of us have read, for it used to be in a New-England school book, of that journey of a day that was the picture of human life. And if it were given to us to make the journey of a day that should be, not

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in its events, but in its scenery, the picture of our lives, where should we rather choose to make it than through the length of our own Berkshire? What could we do better than to watch the rising sun from the top of Gray Lock, and his setting from the Eagle's Nest?

It is in connexion with such physical conditions, and such scenery as this, aided by our New England institutions, that there has sprung up a race of men of whom we are justly proud. Here, to mention only those now in office, originated the present Chief Magistrate of the State, and one of the Judges of its Supreme Court. Here those many distinguished and useful men from abroad, whom we welcome to-day. Nor have those been wanting who have illustrated the literature of our country. To say nothing of others, it is perhaps remarkable, secluded as this County has been, that the three American writers most widely and justly celebrated in their several departments, have lived and written here. It was in the deep quiet of these scenes, that the profoundest treatise of our greatest metaphysical writer was produced. It was here that the powers of our "truest poet," one, who in his own line of poetry, has not been excelled since the world stood, became known, and came to their maturity; and here are still entwined, greener by time, the home affections of one whose social qualities have given her a place as eminent in the hearts of her friends, as her power and grace of style, and her universal sympathy with all that is human, have given her as an author in the public estimation.

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But however much there may be in nature of companionship and instruction for man, she yet does not meet the demand which he cannot but feel for sympathy, and affection, and rational discourse. If man may be said to sympathize with her, she cannot be said to sympathize with him. If man speaks to her she does not answer him. She continues evermore working over and over again the same processes; she walks on in her perpetual round, and heeds not the wants, or the woes, or the joys of her children. The cry and the smile of infancy, the laugh of childhood, the twilight voice of plighted love, the desolation of the widow and the fatherless, the bridal party and the funeral procession are alike to her. She heeds them not. Alike in the forest where no eye sees her, and by the human habitation, she paints the flower, and plies the "tiny shuttle" with which she weaves the web of the leaf. When the eye that has looked upon her with the most enthusiasm, is closed in death, she does not weep. Man needs something more than this; and how different from this is that countenance of the mother into which the child that lies in her lap looks up! How different from those inarticulate voices of nature which we are so slow to interpret, is her voice that so early finds its way into all the chambers and recesses of the soul! Here is another world which is not only comprehended by us, but which comprehends us. Here opens upon us that great theatre of human life where the turbulent desires, the stormy passions, the thousand sympathies, and hopes, and fears, and

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the beautiful affections of the soul of man are called forth.

But far less diversified is the face of nature in its action upon the spirit of man, than is that of human society. As the land and the water are divided into continents and oceans, so there are general divisions of mankind, into races marked by features differing scarcely less than those of the frigid and the torrid zone. These races are again divided into nations having characteristics which cannot be mistaken, and these nations are subdivided into provinces, states, counties, neighborhoods; and in each of these a nice observer will find, however difficult it may be to express it, a difference of character which must become a condition of growth, and a ground of diversity for those who are formed under its influence. This diversity is indeed continued to individuals, so that no where more than in character do we find a more striking manifestation of essential unity appearing under the forms of an infinite variety. Not, I will just say here, that I believe it is circumstances alone that make the man, but the cause of this diversity is to be found in the action and reaction of the free and personal powers and of the circumstances in which they are placed.

And if God has dealt bountifully with us in respect to the physical conditions and aspects of nature, so has he in respect to the great features of that society by which we have been surrounded. These great features are those which belong to the society of New England.

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We are it is true upon the border of New England, but we are of it, and we cherish a love for it no less ardent than those who dwell around the spot where it was first peopled, and where its great heart beats. We are of New England. We love her soil, we love her institutions, we love her people. We think that the great features of her society, both presuppose and tend to cultivate the highest powers of man more fully than any others.

Among these are, 1st, that absolute equality of right which is declared by the Declaration of Independence to belong to all — the right to use our faculties, and pursue our happiness in any way we may choose, so long as we do not interfere with the rights of others. 2d, A security of every man, however humble, in the enjoyment of this right, and of the results of his own labor, such as has been rarely enjoyed; which never can be enjoyed under a despotic government; nor under a government like ours if the public morals should deteriorate, or agrarian principles, or mob law should become prevalent. 3d, A great practical equality — the possession of the whole country by freeholders in farms of a small or moderate size, and the absence of any social distinctions which can prevent any young person from finding his true position. Labor is honorable, and if some are degraded by ignorance, indolence and vice, it is their own fault or that of their friends, and not of our institutions. A fourth feature, which is also one of the causes of those preceding, is a universal diffusion, theoretically universal, and to a

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great extent practically so, of the education of common schools, and to as great an extent as practicable of the higher and of the highest means of intellectual culture. A fifth feature, and one which has been more operative than any thing else in giving its peculiarities to New England character, is the religious element infused into society by the Pilgrim Fathers, and which has come down from them. Of this element the prominent characteristic, as it seems to me, was, the cultivation of reverence towards God and the State, without a nobility in the State, and without forms in religion.

Berkshire was not indeed wholly settled by the descendants of the Puritans, but it was chiefly, it was sufficiently so to give direction, and tone, and character to society. In almost every town there was a congregational church and no other, and according to the simple rites of that, the people worshiped. In connexion with this worship there was a deep and pervading reverence in society for the worship and the institutions of God. The ministers of God were reverenced; the Sabbath day was reverenced; parents and the aged were reverenced. The young were taught to "rise up before the hoary head, and to honor the face of the old man." There was great purity in families, and family government was efficient. There the young were not merely taught their duties theoretically, but, what is of far more importance, those *habits* of obedience and of industry were formed which are necessary to make good men and good citizens.

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Then the laws were reverenced. They were made by the people, but the idea was unknown that any irregular assembly of people could be above law, or that they could abrogate it except by constitutional forms. With the existence of individual property and the family state, it is impossible to conceive institutions of government or of religion more simple, or attaining their end more effectually; and it is impossible to adduce another instance in the history of the world, in which the principle of reverence has been equally developed from an intellectual apprehension of the simple majesty of those things which all forms are intended to represent, and an impression of which all appeals to the senses are intended to produce.

Here it is that we find the true dignity of the Puritan character. There is that in God and his works, as man stands here with the cope of heaven above him; as he looks out into a peopled universe, and into infinite space; as he sees the mountains lifting up their heads, and the heaving ocean, which, in a mind rightly constituted, must produce reverence; and the same feeling is appropriately called forth by the manifestation of magnanimity and goodness; by whatever is noble, or venerable, or godlike in man. Without this feeling, man, in this world of God, is like an animal with horns and hoofs turned loose in a well furnished and well arranged house. He has no perception of uses or proprieties, and you must either restrain him by fear, or influence him in some way by the grosser perceptions of sense. This feeling is then manifested in

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its purest and highest forms, when, without the intervention of any superstition, or merely human rites, or pomp of art, man is brought into the nearest and most intimate communion with God and his works, and worships him in spirit and in truth. With this feeling our Puritan ancestors were deeply imbued. Rising above the ordinary objects of ambition, wishing for no power except that which is connected with the simplest organization by which the objects of society can be realized, they found their dignity and happiness, not in what they possessed, or in the power of their will over others, but in what they were as the creatures of God, in the reverent cultivation of their affections as before him, and in the prospect of immortality; and thus they became, in the great features of their character, specimens of the very highest style of man. Looking at a people, not simply as possessed of refinement and civilization, a high degree of which may consist with heathenism, but as truly cultivated in those faculties which are distinctively human. I think the highest point is reached when a pervading reverence, and the principles and affections necessarily connected with that, are called into action by spiritual objects and their relations, with the least possible appeal to the senses.

Since their day we have made great progress in the arts, in refinement and civilization, but have probably receded in that in which consists the true dignity and the highest culture of man. God seems to have raised them up for a special purpose — to infuse a leaven into

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the whole fermenting mass of this continent; and as a mighty wave, when the tide is coming in, flows on far beyond the rest and then recedes, so they, in the agitations of those times, seem to have been borne up to a point, which, from the general level of spiritual culture in the world, could not be retained. Accordingly the ebb came; perhaps it is the ebb tide that is flowing yet; but we look for a mightier movement when the waters of salvation shall rise and overflow, and lie as a quiet sea reflecting the image of heaven.

It is, indeed, the fundamental question of the present day, whether the principle and the reverence that are necessary to the greatest strength and beauty of society, can be preserved in connexion with the simplicity of our civil and religious institutions. Men will not be trampled upon, nor will they have their sensibilities and their taste outraged. If there is not a general state of things that will secure them against this, they will retire behind a standing army, and behind forms. Relatively to certain states of society, these may be necessary; and we ought to choose them for the sake of the liberty and the religion which may exist in connexion with them. But in such a state of things we should feel that the highest ideal of society was not reached, and we should be constantly apprehensive that both liberty and religion would be, as they have so often been, overlaid and crushed by that which ought to nourish and protect them.

But whatever the future course of events may be, the past is secure; and God has dealt bountifully with

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us in permitting us to live to the extent we have, under the influence of such a past. It has been shown, and nothing can falsify the record, that man may become so capable of self-government, that is, of immediate subjection to principle and to God, both in state and in church, as to accomplish as fully as they have ever yet been, all the legitimate objects both of the church and the State.

Nor has this County been behind the general standard of New England, or of our own State in the fruits which might be expected from such a state of things. Here there has been general intelligence, security, and order. Here have been churches that have walked in the faith and order of the Gospel. Here have been christian pastors who have done honor to their profession, and been models in it. Where shall we find more able divines, or better pastors, or men of a wider and holier influence than Edwards, and Hopkins, and West and Hyde? No where has the standard of ministerial character and acquirement been higher. Here too there has been a spirit of benevolence most diffusive, and unrestricted by a regard to sect. It is well known that if means are needed to carry on the great cause of education, or of benevolence generally, there is no place to which men come with the same confidence, and the same success, as to New England. It is chiefly among her hills that those streams rise, that flow over the west, and over heathen lands, to make glad the city of our God. In this respect, so far as I have the means of comparison, this County

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hath whereof to glory, though not before God. The Berkshire and Columbia Missionary Society was formed Feb. 21st, 1798, and so far as I know was the first missionary society formed in New England, if not in this country. The Connecticut Society was formed in June of the same year, and the Massachusetts Society in May of the year following. The formation of these societies so near the same time, shows that the spring had come over the land, but the fact that this was formed first, shows that Berkshire was among the earliest and most sunny spots. This society existed and was efficient till within a few years, when it was absorbed in larger societies. This was a Home Missionary Society, and when it is remembered that here was formed the first Foreign Missionary Society, and, I may add, the first Agricultural Society, it will be seen that important movements have originated among us.

The statistics of benevolence, except in connexion with the Bible Society, I have not the means of ascertaining. From these it appears that the *donations* of the Berkshire society to the parent society, have been larger than those of any other society, whether of a county or of a State, with the exception of the State society of Virginia which exceeds it by between two and three thousand dollars only; and with the exception of four State societies, and those in the city of New-York, the whole remittances of this society, are larger than those of any society in the Union. In some, and indeed in most of the States, there are county societies formed, but this society has given more as

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a donation to the parent society than the whole State of Vermont. And these facts are the more remarkable when we remember that all this has been done without any expense of agencies. The parent society has sometimes been represented at the annual meeting, but has never had an agent to traverse the County. I can hardly suppose it would be so, and yet I know of no reason to suppose that the comparison would not be as favorable to the County, if we had the means of comparing the statistics of the other great benevolent operations of the day.

This may seem more immediately to concern those who have remained in the County; but I am speaking of the results of those influences under which we have been nurtured; and it is not to be doubted that our brethren who have gone out from us, have been equally liberal. And if we have been blessed with the means of giving, and have been practically taught the great truth that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," how could God have dealt more bountifully with us? How much better is it to be nurtured among a plain people who give liberally for the objects of benevolence, rather than among those whose resources are either hoarded, or spent in the selfish ostentation of fashion! The heavens give their rain as they form it, and the noblest use of wealth is to dispense it as it is gathered, to refresh the waste places of the earth.

The features of society, and influences from it of which I have now spoken, we share in common with much of New England. There are others which be-

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long to us as the inhabitants of Berkshire. Unlike most counties, Berkshire, having a peculiar geological formation, is a place by itself, separated from the rest of the world by natural boundaries; it has also been a good deal secluded; and while we have been a New England people, our business intercourse has been with New-York. Each of these circumstances has had its influence upon us, so that between us and our fellow-citizens of the eastern part of the State, there is a perceptible difference. To the first two circumstances mentioned, together with the beauty of our scenery, is owing that County feeling in which this occasion originated; and in connexion with these, if not in consequence of them, there has been extensively among us that happy combination of a cultivation and taste and refinement no where exceeded, with genuine simplicity and heartiness of character, which gives to society its highest charm.

But that the whole influence of these circumstances has been favorable, I would by no means assert, nor would I represent the aspect of society as better than it is. Seclusion is not always connected with innocence and simplicity. On the contrary there may often be found in such situations, ignorance, and narrowness; and inveterate prejudice, and low vice. Small and secluded villages, little clusters of houses among the mountains with some place where intoxicating drink is sold, are often, if we except the dens in the cities, as wretched and hopeless places as are to be found on earth. These we have had, and still have. They are

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as remote bays into which the current of reform and improvement sets back slowly. Owing in part, to the influence of these places, we are behind some others in the great Temperance Reformation. That cause has made encouraging progress here, and its present aspect is hopeful, but I blush to say that there are still those among us who seem bent on continuing a traffic which, in enormity and moral turpitude may fairly be ranked with the slave trade. It is owing in part, to our seclusion also, that the recent movement in favor of our common schools has been more tardy and inefficient than it should have been.

But while we feel and regret these and other evils which a strange or an unfriendly eye might notice, we feel that they are slight in comparison with the bounties of Providence, and the civil and social blessings with which we are surrounded. We still rejoice to feel and say

"This is our own, our native land."

These are our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our schools and churches; these are our mountains, and vallies, and lakes, and streams; our skies, and clouds, and storms; and we feel that in casting our lot among them, God has dealt bountifully with us.

We now proceed to the second part of the subject, and consider the exhortation — "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." There is, my friends, a rest to the soul. Rest, rest — O! said one, that I had wings like a dove,

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then would I fly away and be at rest. And who has not said thus — at rest from turbulent passions and uneasy desires, from perplexing doubts and anxious fears, at rest from the annoyances and evils that come from the misconduct of others; at rest, not in mere quiescence, but in full fruition — and this rest is in God alone.

I have stated in the former part of the discourse how it is that our enjoyment arises, not independently from our constitution taken by itself, but from relations and correspondencies between that and other things which God has created. He has constituted a relation between the organ of taste and food, between the ear and sound, between the eye and light, between the atmosphere and the lungs, between the whole animate and inanimate creation and the capacities and wants of man, and from these sources man may derive, and in proportion as he conforms himself to the constitution of God, will derive, a subordinate and temporary good. But as an ultimate good, there is no correspondence between the soul and any created thing. In them the soul cannot rest. As containing a true and permanent good, they are all as broken cisterns that can hold no water. No, God did not make us to be satisfied with the creature. In the fulness of his condescension, in the richness of his benevolence, in the yearnings of his paternal love he would take us to his arms; he proposes himself as our true good and final rest. It is indeed, a pleasant thing to behold the sun; very glorious is he as he cometh out of his cham-

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ber, and bathes earth and heaven in his light; but upon the soul that knows God and rests in him, there shines a light that is above the brightness of the sun. To him there is another morning risen upon the high noon of all created glory. That glory must fade. The sun himself must be quenched, but as the eye of filial love is strengthened to behold them, the splendors that surround the throne of God increase and brighten, and shall do so forevermore. Around that throne the noontide of glory eternally reigns, and as the eye of the child of God drinks it in, his peace will be as a river, and he will exclaim, this, this is my rest. Such is the rest of the soul. To such a rest we are invited.

It is this great and fundamental truth — that there is no true rest for the soul of man except in God that needs to be proclaimed at all times, and every where. Look at the restlessness of individuals and of society, look at the billowy ocean of the past as seen in history, and what does it indicate but that the true rest of man has not been found. See the world busy in letting down empty cups into wells that are dry, or drinking to "thirst again;" see individuals passing through all the stages of poverty and of wealth, of neglect and of distinction; see states assuming every form of government from the freest democracy to the most absolute monarchy, and yet there is, and there will be "overturning, and overturning, and overturning," till men find the true rest of their souls, and he whose right it is shall assume his spiritual and perfect reign.

Yes, it is to such a rest that we are invited; and how

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affecting is the motive by which the invitation is urged! "For the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." And my friends, in view of what has been said, may I not urge this motive upon you? How much more when I call to your remembrance his Redeeming Love! In the reason here given, we see how different is the temper of a good man from that of the children of the world. How common is the feeling that in our adversity we must go to God — that we will, when we have nothing else left to enjoy, seek him; but when we are in prosperity, how apt are we to lose sight of God and to rest in the enjoyment of his gifts. This is the great practical mistake, the infinite guilt of man, and the world never can be in a right state, till men can not only enjoy God in himself, but in his gifts; till they learn that the good gifts of God are best enjoyed, and then only answer their true end, when they lead us to him. Nothing can be more utterly false, or more disastrous, than this separation of cheerfulness and rational enjoyment from the remembrance and the presence of God; nothing can more dishonor him whose smile brightens creation, whose presence makes heaven. But thus is he dishonored. A necessary condition of the pleasures of the world is forgetfulness of God. Like our first parents in the garden, men would hide themselves from him. The consciousness of his presence in the midst of such pleasures as they choose would be to them "as the shadow of death." His religion, the blessed religion of Christ, instead of being like the light, not indeed always the

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direct object of thought, but as an element pervading and irradiating all social intercourse, is regarded by them as the antagonist of their chosen enjoyments. From enjoyments of which this is the spirit, whatever may be the form, men who would be christians, truly such, must separate themselves. They must find God in his mercies; when he deals bountifully with them, their souls will return unto their rest. They can seek no enjoyment upon which they cannot ask the blessing of God. They can mingle in no scenes in which the remembrance of him would be unwelcome, and they must labor, and pray, and be content to be regarded as over strict, till there is such a change in the moral elements, that reason, and conscience, and the affections, and taste, shall predominate over the passions and appetites of men, and till men can enjoy the good gifts of God as dutiful children under the eye of an affectionate parent. It must be made to appear, it *will* be made to appear, that there is no antagonism between the temperate use of God's gifts and the highest social enjoyment.

It was in the hope that this occasion might do something towards bringing forward a consummation so desirable, that I was willing to take part in it; that, in connexion with this sacred service, I was willing to be the organ of my fellow-citizens to welcome home those who had gone out from us. And this I now do. Natives, and former citizens of Berkshire, I welcome you—not to bacchanalian revels, not to costly entertainments, not to the celebration of any party or

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national triumph, but to the old homestead, to these scenes of your early days, to these mountains and vallies, and streams, and skies, to the hallowed resting places of the dear departed; I welcome you to the warm grasp of kindred and friends, to rational festivity — to the Berkshire Jubilee.

So far as I know, this gathering is unprecedented. More than any thing else in modern times, it reminds us of those gatherings of ancient Israel, when the tribes went up to Mount Zion; and if we look to the future, it cannot fail to remind us of that greater gathering, of that better home, of those higher joys which there shall be when "they shall come from the East, and the West, and the North, and the South, and shall sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God." With that great assembly may we all be gathered. Amen!

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5. ANTHEM. TUNE—*Denmark.*

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide — as the world, is thy command,
Vast — as eternity, thy love;
Firm — as a rock, thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

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A POEM,

DELIVERED AT

THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE,

AUGUST 22, 1844.

By WILLIAM ALLEN, D.D.

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A POEM.

I.

The Sons of Berkshire here in mighty throng,
And many drawn from home 'neath distant sky,—
What heaves our bosoms with emotions strong?
What burning thoughts now kindle up each eye?

II.

We stand amidst the scenes of early days:—
Our brook and river, hill and mountain-height,
On meadow, field, and lake once more we gaze,
Which fill'd our heart in youth with pure delight.

III.

The Rainbow's wondrous arch first saw we here,
On gloomy sky when setting sun outshone,—
Its hues of blue, and gold, and red all-clear,—
God's sign no second flood the earth shall drown.

IV.

First heard we here the Robin's song of joy,
Outpouring from the tree at early morn;
The Bluebird here first charm'd our gazing eye,
And sacred Swallow on swift wing upborne.

V.

Here first in infancy the look of love,
Dearer than rainbow's hues, pure bliss conferr'd:
Here first affection's voice, as from above,
Struck sweeter on our ear, than song of bird.

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VI.

Yon Saddle-Mountain in its azure hue,
All-mingled with the thoughts and scenes of yore,
Oh, with what joy it rises to thy view,
Son of Pontoosuc ! at thy home once more ?

VII.

So every Son of Berkshire turns his eye
To some old mountain-head, of much-loved form,
Majestic rising in the cloudless sky,
Or turban'd thick with drapery of the storm.

VIII.

And each reveres some venerable tree,
Beneath whose shade was scene of sweet delight,
Like our Old Elm, which joyful here we see,
Though lightning-ploughed, still towering in its height.

IX.

Where'er we wander, led by various fate,
Whate'er of grace or grandeur there may be,
There's nought elsewhere so lovely and so great: —
Our heart, unwandering, Berkshire, turns to thee !

X.

Their Alpine heights sublime the Swiss may boast,
In dazzling whiteness glittering in the sun; —
'Tis sterile grandeur, bound in ceaseless frost,
And unapproach'd, like despot's dreary throne.

XI.

Beneath the tropic sun each wide-spread plain
Of luscious fruits may heaviest burden bear;
But asks the eye for swelling hill in vain,
And pestilence is winged on evening's air.

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XII.

Our mountains, wood-crowned, cheer the gazing eye,—
Whence bursting rills in constant murmurs flow:
Health vigorous walks beneath th' untainted sky,
And peace and joy our heaven-bless'd dwellings know.

XIII.

We love the stream, the lake, o'erhung with wood,
The fields of green and cool recess of grove;—
'Tis symbol-scene of purer, sweeter good,
Fore'er enjoyed in the high heavens above.

XIV.

We come to think of what our Fathers were,—
Of Mothers, Sisters, Brothers, here of yore;
To breathe again our Childhood's fragrant air,
And Childhood's loveliest home to see once more.

XV.

We come to strengthen in our inmost mind
Our child-learned principles, all good and true;
And here to worship, in one band entwin'd,
In Father-land our Fathers' God anew.

XVI.

As aged Jew his holy city seeks,
Holding first place within his weary soul,
So, Berkshire! on our eyes thy splendor breaks,
And wakes the feelings, that refuse control.

XVII.

Our Fathers' Sepulchres!—Are they not here,
O'er many a hill and vale wide-scattered round?
No more their venerable forms appear;
But memory brings them from the turf-clad ground.

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XVIII.

We seem to see again their lofty brow,
Calm and yet firmly fix'd; their steadfast eye,
Yet beaming mildly; and their head of snow,
With all their worth and reverent majesty.

XIX.

These mountain-circled valleys for their home
They chose, where silver lakes outspread are seen,
Where rush the numerous streams and dash in foam,
And Housatunnuk winds through meadows green.

XX.

The Red-Man's land they gain'd by purchase fair,
And them by light of truth they sought to save:—
The remnant now,—such fruits of zeal and care,—
Have Christian home near Winnebago's wave.

XXI.

Here first, a hundred years ago and more,
A Mission-School, on Housatunnuk's stream,
To wilder'd men explain'd the Christian lore,
And cheer'd their gloom by heaven's effulgent beam:—

XXII.

Their Teachers *Sergeant*, polish'd and refined,
His heart all-burning with a holy flame;
And *Edwards* too, the man of mighty mind,
The world's great teacher still,—illustrious name!

XXIII.

We glory in this spot, which gave us birth,
Where first God's wonders burst upon our sight:—
No fairer region doth the wheeling earth
Turn up from darkness to the sun's blest light.

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XXIV.

How beautiful is Nature? How the eye
Lights up with joy at all the varied scene;—
Hill, vale, and stream, and wood, and calm blue sky,
The harvest field, and mead in living green ?

XXV.

And when the pulses of each tree are dead,
Or beating feebly, checked by chilling frost,
What gorgeous hues on every side are spread,
Shaming the Italian pencil in its boast?

XXVI.

Nature is but God's glorious temple vast,
With hosts of cheerful worshippers around :—
And, while this temple stands, the song shall last,
And earth shall hear and heaven reflect the sound.

XXVII.

The rushing brook, the tuneful, blithsome bird,
The busy hum of insects on the flower,
And solemn voice of grove, by breezes stirred;—
These are but hymns to God's eternal power.

XXVIII.

All Nature constant works to some great end:—
The giant sun doth life and joy uphold;
Dew, rain, and stream the richest blessings send;
And verdant, blossom'd tree yields fruit of gold.

XXIX.

Amid these various scenes, O man, rejoice,
And willing join in Nature's service blest:—
'Tis thine to raise thy clear, articulate voice,
And of this host to stand as sacred priest.

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XXX.

Then, Son of Berkshire! who dost joyful move
In beauteous, peerless temple of thy God,
Lift up thy grateful, ceaseless song of love,
And work for truth, and bear the fruits of good!

XXXI.

Amidst the charms of Nature they, who dwell,
Where all is loveliness, and joy, and peace,—
Ah, how can they such peace and joy dispel,
And by their guilt such loveliness deface?

XXXII.

Where purest crystal waters murmur round,
No turbid stream of vice should ever flow;
Nor float upon the air an evil sound,
Where blithsome birds their melodies bestow.

XXXIII.

In such a temple, reared by matchless power,
Ne'er should polluting thought or wish intrude;
But praises flow to God each circling hour,—
The offering of the soul's deep gratitude.

XXXIV.

Not Tempe's boasted vale e'er shone so bright,
With trees so broad, with grassy turf so green:
Each Mountain form, uptowering in his might,
Stands as the giant-guardian of the scene.

XXXV.

Old Greylock at the north uplifts his head,
And kindly looks on Learning's vale below;
And southward, Washington, of bulk outspread,
O'erpeers rich plains, where winding rivers flow.

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XXXVI.

Trace up thy current, Deerfield, to its source,
And, Westfield, thine,—by smoke-horse travers'd now,—
By many an arch bestrided in its course;—
Your springs well forth from Berkshire's wood-crown'd brow.

XXXVII.

Then Hoosuc westward takes his joyful way,
To mingle with broad Hudson's noble tide;
While southward, where the ocean-monsters play,
Flows Housatunnuk, river of our pride.

XXXVIII.

Thus Berkshire's Sons are scatter'd far and near,
Each tide of good to swell, wherever found,—
From Virtue's fountains starting pure and clear,
And pouring blessings on our land around.

XXXIX.

Of men, who stir the eloquent debate
In legislative halls; of those, who weigh
The right in scales of justice, and the State
Know how to govern in an honest way;—

XL.

Of strong-arm'd sons, who delve in learning's mine,
And those with power to win reluctant heart;
Of daughters too, whom taste and skill refine,
Who weave the tale of truth with gentle art,

XLI.

Berkshire may boast;—yet 'tis a nobler pride,
That thousands of her unknown sons are wise,
Contented with their lot, ne'er turn'd aside
From holy path, that leads up to the skies.

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XLII.

The heaven-dyed violet in its native shade
Fragrance diffuses through the forest gloom:
No flower in royal garden is arrayed
Like our white water-lilly in its bloom.

XLIII.

No foot of slave e'er treads our sacred soil,—
No culture here, compell'd by cruel blows:
We deem it health, and joy, and wealth to toil;
'Tis heaven's command, and heaven reward bestows.

XLIV.

None here the forms of industry deride:—
All-glittering in the clod the plough to hold;
From liberal hand the seed to scatter wide,
And plant in many a hill the maize of gold:—

XLV.

To gather in the fruits, the earth hath borne:
The scythe to wield, where waves the grass in light;
To ply the careful sickle; and the corn
To husk in merry mood;—'tis pure delight!

XLVI.

The herds, the fine-woolled flocks to feed and train;
To watch the shuttle, as it quickly flies;
Deep in the mine to trace the metal's vein,
The rocks to quarry in the open skies:

XLVII.

In graceful shapes the marble blocks to mould
And stubborn wood; the milky treasures press;
Iron with strength of arm to turn to gold:—
These various toils fail not to enrich and bless.

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XLVIII.

Poor, listless man of indolent repose,
Of unknit frame and mind of feeble might!
Come, taste the good, which industry bestows,
And work out health, and power, and sweet delight.

XLIX.

'Tis toil, that braces both the frame and mind:—
In wrestling with the wind the tree grows strong;
Mantled with green the stagnant pool we find,
But pure the streams, which murmuring rush along.

L.

Is there a spot upon this earthly ball,
Where brighter beams of truth are shed around,
Where showers of heavenly dew more frequent fall,
And richer fruits of faith and love are found?

LI.

Is there a mountain-guarded vale below,
Where many a thousand purer spirits move,—
More bless'd with streams of good, which ceaseless flow,—
With eyes more fix'd on glorious hopes above?

LII.

Let not thy birth-soil waken evil pride,
But rather kindly counsel bring to thee,—
That to this scene thy heart be full-allied,
So Eden and its tenant shall agree.

LIII.

Ah, how canst thou withstand the influence here,—
The incitements to all goodness, that abound,—
The voice of Nature in its tones so clear,
And all her loveliness diffused around;—

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LIV.

The memory of the illustrious, holy dead,—
Their pure example drawing to the right,—
Their winning words, their warning note of dread,
Their final prayer, as fled they from thy sight;—

LV.

The power of truth, that as a river flows,
The heaven-ward summons of the Sabbath bell;—
Ah, how canst thou such influence here oppose,
Yet hope with all the good in heaven to dwell?

LVI.

It is the Church, our paradise hath made,—
The truth, the grace, the power of God on high;—
The holy Church,—not in one dress arrayed,—
But one in faith, in love, in piety.

LVII.

Beneath our soil is found the iron ore,—
But iron strength of soul is better far:
Our hills are marble pure,—but pure much more
Is stainless beauty, bright as evening star.

LVIII.

Both strength and beauty, dignity and grace
In Berkshire's peerless vale delight to dwell:—
May nought such joyous harmony deface,
Or charms of innocence and love dispel.

LIX.

Our Fathers blaz'd the trees along their way;—
No other path to this our heritage!—
Their aim to find enlargement, and to lay
Foundations solid for a future age.

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LX.

The forest falls before their sturdy blows;
Their shining plough-share revels in the soil:
Full soon the desert blossoms like the rose,
And plentifulness rewards their patient toil.

LXI.

Wealth was not all they sought; for they would train
Their children in the path, which leads on high:—
Hence quick the School-House rises on each plain,
And sacred Temple points up to the sky.

LXII.

Nor trembled those brave men, when reckless foe
Approach'd the northern entrance of their vale:
They met him at the gate, and struck the blow,
That turn'd the invader's boast to piteous wail.

LXIII.

Themselves descended from the Pilgrim band,
Who from the May-Flower stept on Plymouth rock,—
The same their spirit; and their strong right hand
Freedom maintain'd, nor fear'd opposing shock.

LXIV.

Their trust was in that good and mighty Power,
Who turns the tide of battle from the strong;
Nor fail'd their hearts, in many a sacred hour,
To lift up grateful praise and holy song.

LXV.

Oh, height of Bennington! thy battle-field
Witness'd the joyful triumph of the right:
O'er sacred fire-side bliss it spread a shield,
And taught the Hessian hireling freedom's might.

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LXVI.

Can they, who fell the forest, bend the knee,
And crouch beneath a distant tyrant's nod?
Can they, who breathe the mountain air so free,
Quail to a man, as if he were a god?

LXVII.

Freedom, like temperance, loves the crystal fountains;
At vain restraint, like rushing stream, she mocks:
And, eagle-like, she dwells among the mountains
In fastnesses of steep and thorny rocks!

LXVIII.

Shall we not catch our Fathers' patriot zeal,
Which bore the battle-shock, the foe o'erthrown,—
And like them ever seek our Country's weal,—
Its light, and peace, and joy, and high renown?

LXIX.

No more may war's alarms be heard! no more
May blessed freedom pay the price of blood!
May Peace e'er hold her dwelling on our shore,
And Righteousness be like o'erflowing flood!

LXX.

Ask we, as virtue's meed, for earthly fame,—
The shout of mortal worms, who soon must die?
Shall history bear the glory of our name
Down to a dark, unknown futurity?

LXXI.

Of spirits lost and entered on their doom,—
The blood-stained heroes of our warring sphere,—
In their abode in deepest dungeon's gloom
Can earth's applausive notes e'er reach the ear?

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LXXII.

Give me a name, whose record is on high,—
The honor, which by holy deeds is won;—
Give me the fame, which truly ne'er shall die,
Imperishable as God's eternal throne!

LXXIII.

Such is the fame our buried Fathers hold,
Though few among them heard applauses loud:
In silent path of duty they grew old,
Then calmly were they wrapped in winding shroud.

LXXIV.

Yet lofty was their hope; and, as one said,
When in the final conflict called to strive,—
So felt they all, as breath and spirit fled,—
"Say ye, I die?—I'm just about to live!"

LXXV.

Oh, noble speech! My Father! it was thine,—
First preacher here,—Pontoosuc's guide on high!
How bright around did his example shine?
How fit the Pastor teach his flock to die?

LXXVI.

Our Fathers! Should their names my lips recall,
Ye sons of Berkshire, in your hearing now,—
The magic words would every sense inthrall,
While pride and love would sit on every brow!

LXXVII.

Ye bear their names:—O, then, their virtues bear;—
Self-sacrificing zeal for Country's good,
Uprightness, kindness, truth, and temperance rare,—
To law submission, and the fear of God.

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LXXVIII.

Yet patriot-martyrs claim remembrance due:—
Williams, fair learning's patron,—name of pride,—
Struck down, as victory to his banners flew,—
Hopkins and *Brown*,—these for their country died.

LXXIX.

Their grave was on the field, where warriors strove:
No chisell'd stone keeps record of their doom;—
But in our reverence, gratitude, and love,
In Berkshire's heart they have uncrumbling tomb!

LXXX.

Full many a form now rises in my thought
Of heroes, who the beams of peace beheld,
Who shared the blessings, which their courage bought,
And went down to the grave all-white with eld;—

LXXXI.

Of venerable men, who by the scale
Of equal justice hush'd unworthy strife;—
Of Christian heroes too, ne'er known to quail
In contest for the truth and heavenly life,—

LXXXII.

Men, deem'd no idlers in their Master's field,—
Whose deep research, whose science, faith, and love,
And fervent utterance of the truth reveal'd
The ransom'd souls,—their crown,—shall tell above.

LXXXIII.

But these to weave, with others, in my strain
Were task, to which no end would soon be nigh,
For idle is the toil, the effort vain
To count the stars, which deck the evening sky.

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LXXXIV.

Old men! I feel with you life's pulses fail:—
Full two score suns have made their circuit due,
Since first in this my native, much-lov'd vale
My trembling lips truth's silver trumpet blew.

LXXXV.

Where now the fair and good, then in my eye?
This day recalls them from the gloom of night:
The past revives; the distant now is nigh;
And shadowy forms come forth in memory's light.

LXXXVI.

Had ye a Mother? Ye old men, white-haired!
And on that mother's lap your flaxen head
It was your wont to lay?—Now, unimpaired,
Her face ye see; her form though with the dead!

LXXXVII.

Had ye a Sister, with sweet eye of blue,
Loved as an angel in a by-gone day?
In thought your lips are on her cheek anew,
Though 'neath the green-turf moulder'd all away!

LXXXVIII.

Had ye a Daughter in her freshest bloom?
Had ye a Son in youth's first dignity?
And have ye placed them in a lowly tomb?—
They live, they shine now in your aged eye!

LXXXIX.

In these past scenes ye live of grief and joy:
From these to future ones your hearts go forth,—
Your children's children gleaming on your eye,—
New-springing forms of beauty and of worth.

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XC.

And on your faith yet future scenes outbreak,
To you and all the good and righteous given,—
When ye and they, who sleep, from dust shall wake,
With all God's holy ones your Home in heaven!

XCI.

If many a wild-flower in the forest dies,
Think not, its form is lost, forever gone:—
In beauty, at the spring's return, 'twill rise,
From living root or safe-lodg'd seed new-born.

XCII.

Then weep not for the dead, the righteous dead,
Though in a lowly grave their ashes rest:
Their spring will come; and from their humble bed
In glory will they rise, forever blest!

XCIII.

O, day of hope! the broken heart that heals,
And on the faded eye its beams outpours;
Great day, which all deep mysteries reveals,
And to the soul its treasures lost restores!

XCIV.

O, day of joy! when all the ransom'd throng,
Innumerous as the stars, that shine above,
As "mighty thunderings" shall raise the song,—
'All glory to our God, whose name is Love!

XCV.

'And praises to the Lamb, the Word, the Son,
With vesture cloth'd, all dipp'd in crimson blood!'—
And thus the song through circling years shall run,
As surges on the shore of ocean's flood.

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XCVI.

Come, come, blest day! when buried ones again
In beauty and in love shall meet our eyes,—
Our raptur'd voices mingling in the strain
Of heaven's o'erjoyed, eternal harmonies!

XCVII.

The Fathers in their Children live again,
In noble deeds and spirit, as in name,—
(The past and future link'd in golden chain,—)
Their steadfast faith, and zeal, and love the same.

XCVIII.

Where widely spread the shades of pagan night,
And vice and doleful wo have fix'd their throne,—
There have the Sons of Berkshire borne the light;
There are they toiling, till their crown is won.

XCIX.

If one, a child of genius, I may name,
Of my own flock a lamb in this green mead;—
Larned, though fall'n in youth, has deathless fame;
And still for truth his eloquence shall plead.

C.

Daughters of Berkshire, where may they be found
The holy teachers of their Master's word?—
Go, where the Turk, whom turban'd guards surround,
Holds o'er a race of slaves his sharp-edg'd sword:—

CI.

Go, where in distant isles volcanic fires
Break forth in torrents as of molten gold,
And where fierce, savage men, whom truth inspires,
The wonders of a Savior's love behold:—

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CII.

Go, where in western wilds the Indian race
In furious troops are seen to rush along,
And pierce the shaggy bison in the chase;—
An outcast race, the victims of our wrong:—

CIII.

Daughters of Berkshire! To such fields ye fly:
Thus are ye scatter'd as the lights of earth,—
As stars of goodness in the evening sky,—
Beyond all praise and worthy of your birth!

CIV.

Our Fathers! Here they lived and here they died,—
Adorn'd with virtue, pious, faithful, free;—
Bequeathing us, as they death's path-way tried,
The precious, glorious boon of Liberty!

CV.

Then we, their Sons, no recreants will prove,
Apostates from the path, in which they trod,—
Nor ingrates to the sacred names we love;—
But followers in their steps, which lead to God!

CVI.

Ne'er shall their Sons the truth's they loved, despise;—
Redemption by the heaven-descended One,
Though slain, yet soon up-rising to the skies,—
O'er death and hell the matchless victory won:—

CVII.

The Holy Spirit's renovating power,
With love to God and man which fills the heart;—
The guard of Providence each circling hour;—
A heavenly Home, where friends shall never part!

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CVIII.

Our Fathers' Sepulchres! farewell! farewell!
Thus too may we find peaceful, glorious rest!
And as our children on our memories dwell,
May they too thrill with joy and call us blest!

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NOTES.

STANZA VI.—*Saddle-Mountain*, lying in Williamstown and Adams, is the highest mountain in Massachusetts, being about 2,800 feet above the valley at the college and about 3,580 feet above tide water at Albany. As seen at the north from Pittsfield at the distance of 20 miles, it is an object of great beauty.

STANZA VIII.—The venerable *Elm*, which stands in the centre of the public square in Pittsfield, is 126 feet in height, and its trunk is 90 feet ere the limbs branch out. It was a tall forest tree, when the town was first settled nearly a hundred years ago, and was spared while the trees around it were cut down. At that time it could hardly have been less than 100 years old. Possibly its age now may be 250 years.

To the great grief of the citizens, especially of those, who were born beneath its shade, it was struck by lightning some years ago and a strip of bark was torn off its whole length. Some of the branches also exhibit marks of decay. Yet it may live for years to come. An oak in Russian Poland, cut down in 1812, was estimated to have a thousand rings or layers, or to be a thousand years old.

STANZA XXXV.—*Greylock* is the highest peak of Saddle-Mountain at the northern extremity of the county. Mt. Washington is the highest of the Taconic range of mountains; it lies at the south-western corner of the county, west of Sheffield, and is about 2,400 feet above the valley, and 3,150 above the tide water of the Housatunnuk river.

STANZA XXXVII.—The Indian name *Housatunnuk* is written in different ways,—Housatonic, Houssatonnoc, Housatonuc, and Hooestennuc. This last form is preferred by Dr. Dwight, who, in his Travels, says it means *over the mountain;* but this is probably a mistake, for the Stockbridge word for mountain is *W'chu*, or in the Mohegan of Eliot's Bible, *Wadchu*, the plural of which is *Wadchuash.* This has no resemblance to Hooestennuc. Moreover Hubbard, in his Indian Wars, writes the name *Ausotunnoog*, which seems to be the pural of some animate word,—the plural of which was formed by *og*, *ug*, or *uk*, as the plural of inanimate words was formed by *ash.* It is remarkable, that none of the teachers of the Indians have in any of their writings given the meaning of the word. As to its form, it was written *Housatunnuk* by Sergeant, their first teacher, and by Mr. Hopkins in his Historical Memoirs of the Housatunnuk Indians, published in 1753.

STANZA LXIII.—The Pilgrims, who commenced the settlement of New-England at Plymouth in 1620, may be considered as the representatives of all the early settlers of New-England, and thus be regarded as the fathers of all, who descended from any of the early settlers.

STANZA LXXVIII.—Col. *Ephraim Williams* commanded a regiment in the second French War, and at the head of a scouting party of 1200 men was killed by the French and Indians in an action near Lake George Sept. 8, 1755, aged 41. Though his

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party retreated to the main army, a memorable victory over the enemy was gained on the same day, the Baron Dieskau being taken prisoner. Col. Williams gave a liberal bequest to found a free school in Williamstown, which was converted into a college, bearing his name. Very recently the generous donation of ten thousand dollars has been made to this college by Mr. Amos Lawrence of Boston.

Col. *Mark Hopkins* of Great Barrington, the grandfather of President Hopkins of Williams College, was an able lawyer, who engaged earnestly in the defence of his country. He died at White Plains, Oct. 26, 1776, aged 37.

Col. *John Brown*, of Pittsfield, a lawyer, was distinguished in the revolutionary war. He was killed in an ambuscade of the enemy at Stone Arabia in Palatine, New-York, Oct. 19, 1780, aged 36. Of his children there survives only Mrs. Huldah Butler of Northampton, now at an advanced period of life, but who was present at the Jubilee. His son *Henry C. Brown*, who died in 1838, was Sheriff of the county.

There was yet another officer of merit, who died during the war, Lieut. Col. *Thomas Williams* of Stockbridge, the son of Dr. Williams of Deerfield: he died at Skanesborough July 10, 1776, aged 30 years. Capt. *Chapin* was killed at Williamstown in the French war July 11, 1756; and Rev. *Whitman Welch* of Williamstown, a chaplain, died near Quebec March 1776, aged 36.

STANZA LXXX.—Some of the conspicuous soldiers and patriots of Berkshire, who survived the campaigns in which they served their country, are the following:

Gen. *Joseph Dwight* of Great Barrington, commanded the artillery at the capture of Lewisburg in 1745; he died June 9, 1765, aged 62. He was judge both of the county court and of probate. He married the widow of the Rev. John Sergeant.

Dr. *Timothy Childs*, a surgeon in the army, and a distinguished physician, died at Pittsfield Feb. 20, 1821, aged 73.

Col. *Joshua Danforth*, of Pittsfield served as an officer during the revolutionary war; during his whole life he was engaged in various public offices, the duties of which he discharged with great fidelity. He died Jan. 30, 1837, aged 77.

Gen. *John Fellows* of Sheffield commanded a regiment in 1775. He was sheriff of the county. He died Aug. 1, 1808, aged 73.

Col. *Simon Larned*, of Pittsfield, was an officer in the war of the revolution and sheriff of the county. He died Nov. 16, 1817, aged 61.

Gen. *John Patterson* of Lenox commanded a regiment of minute men in 1775, and marched to Cambridge after the battle of Lexington. He assisted in the capture of Burgoyne.

Col. *Oliver Root* of Pittsfield was with Col. Brown at Palatine in 1780. He died May 2, 1826, aged 75.

Gen. *David Rossiter* of Richmond commanded a company of minute men in 1775. He died March 8, 1811, aged 75.

Col. *Benjamin Simonds* of Williamstown was a soldier in the French war of 1746. He died April 11, 1807, aged 81.

There were also two Indian captains, *Daniel Nimham* and *Timothy Yokun*, who did good service to their country.

STANZA LXXXI.—The following were some of the judges in Berkshire:—

Theodore Sedgwick, L.L.D. of Stockbridge, was a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He had been a distinguished member of congress. He died Jan. 24, 1813, aged 66.

Judge *Daniel Dewy* of Williamstown, was also a judge of the Supreme Court, and was a representative in the 13th congress. He died May 26, 1815, aged 49.

Judge *John Bacon* of Stockbridge was the minister of the old South Church in Boston from 1771 to 1775. He was afterwards a member of congress and presiding judge of the court of common pleas. He died Oct. 25, 1820, aged 82.

Judge *Nathaniel Bishop* of Richmond was for many years register of probate, and

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judge of the court of common pleas from 1795 to 1811. He died Feb. 1, 1826, aged 75.

Judge *William Walker* of Lenox was many years judge of probate and judge of the county court. In his old age he made great efforts in the cause of temperance. He died a few years ago.

These faithful magistrates were fresh in the memory of the writer; but there have lived many others, as judges *Dwight*, *Williams*, *Woodbridge*, *Ashley*, *Marsh*, *Whiting*, *Skinner*, and *Noble*, who in a history of Berkshire will not be forgotten.

STANZA LXXXII.—The following is an alphabetical list of most of the deceased *Ministers of Berkshire*. It will not be inferred, that all of them died in the towns of which they were once the ministers. An account of the remarkable influence of religious truth under their faithful preaching, would make an interesting volume. In one instance eighty persons, at the same time and place, made a public profession of their belief in Jesus Christ and were received as members of the church.

Caleb Alexander, D.D., New Marlborough, died 1828, aged 70 or more.
Thomas Allen, Pittsfield, died 1810, aged 67.
Joseph Avery, Tyringham, died 1814, aged 70.
David Avery, Windsor, died 1819, upwards of 70.
Adonijah Bidwell, Tyringham, died 1784, upwards of 60.
Gideon Bostwick, Episcopalian, Great Barrington, died 1793, aged 50.
Sylvester Burt, Great Barrington, died 1826, aged 54.
Jacob Catlin, D.D., New Marlborough, died 1826, aged 68.
Daniel Collins, Lanesborough, died 1822, aged 83.
John De Witt, D.D., Lanesborough, died 1831, aged 41.
Edwin W. Dwight, Richmond, died 1841, aged 50.
Jonathan Edwards, Stockbridge, died 1758, aged 54.
Ebenezer Fitch, D.D., president of Wms. Coll. died 1833, aged 76.
Ralph W. Gridley, Williamstown, died 1840, aged 46.
Edward D. Griffin, D.D., president of Wms. Coll. died 1837, aged 67.
Theodore Hinsdale, Hinsdale, died 1818, aged 80.
Samuel Hopkins, D.D., Great Barrington, died 1803, aged 83.
Jonathan Hubbard, Sheffield, died 1765, aged 61.
Alvan Hyde, D.D., Lee, died 1833, aged 65.
Ephraim Judson, Sheffield, died 1813, aged 76.
John Keep, Sheffield, died 1785, aged 35.
Walter King, Williamstown, died 1815, aged 57.
Aaron Kinne, Alford, died 1824, aged 79.
John Leland, Peru, died 1826, upwards of 70.
John Leland, Baptist, Cheshire, died 1841, aged 85.
Joseph L. Mills, Becket, died 1841, aged 58.
Zephaniah S. Moore, D.D., president of Wms. Coll. died 1823, aged 52.
David Perry, Richmond, died 1817, aged 71.
John Sergeant, Stockbridge, died 1749, died, 38.
Thomas Strong, New Marlborough, died 1777, aged 61.
Job Swift, D.D., Richmond, died 1804, aged 61.
Seth Swift, Williamstown, died 1807, aged about 55.
Whitman Welch, Williamstown, died 1776, aged 36.
Peter Werden, Baptist, Cheshire, died 1808, aged 80.
Stephen West, D.D., Stockbridge, died 1819, aged 83.
Elijah Wheeler, Great Barrington, died 1827, aged 53.
Samuel Whelpley, West Stockbridge, died 1817, aged 51.

These ministers differed in their philosophical theories, or in the metaphysics of theology; but they agreed in what they regarded as the elementary and chief principles of the Gospel, and in preaching them faithfully. Several of them were learned and eminent writers. Indeed, it is believed, that in the little territory of Berkshire

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of the extent of 50 miles by 20, there have lived ministers, who have produced more books on metaphysical theology, than have been produced by all the other metaphysical writers of this western continent. I have reference to the writings of Dr. Hopkins, of the two Edwards', of Dr. West and Dr. Griffin, and to three volumes by Rev. Henry P. Tappan.

STANZA XCIV.—To prevent misapprehension it may be proper to mention, that the author preached his first sermon in his Father's pulpit, July 29, 1804, more than 40 years ago; but, spending afterwards a few years at Cambridge as an officer of the College, he was not settled at Pittsfield as the successor of his Father, until Oct. 10, 1810. Asking a dismission in 1817, his successors in the ministry have been Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D., subsequently the president of Amherst College; Rev. Rufus W. Bailey, subsequently the head of a Seminary in South Carolina; Rev. Henry P. Tappan, subsequently a professor in the University of New-York; Rev. John W. Yeomans, D.D., subsequently the president of a College at Easton, Pennsylvania; Rev. H. N. Brinsmade, D.D., now of Newark, New-Jersey; and Rev. John Todd, the present minister, all of whom are living.

STANZA XCVIII.—The following *Missionaries* were natives or citizens of Berkshire:
Frederic Ayer, to the Ojibwas.
Nathan Benjamin, at Athens, in Greece, 1838.
Josiah Brewer, at Smyrna, 1826.
J. C. Brigham, South America.
Dr. *Elizur Butler*, Cherokees.
Daniel S. Butrick, Cherokees.
Cyrus Byington, a lawyer, Choctaws.
Josiah Hemingway, Cherokees.
Harvey R. Hitchcock, Sandwich Islands.
Ebenezer Hotchkin, Choctaws.
Benton Pixley, Osages.
David White, died at Cape Palmas, 1837.
One of the earliest and most eminent missionaries to the east, *Gordon Hall*, was educated at Williams' College, and was a preacher at Pittsfield in 1810. He embarked in 1812 and died in 1826.

STANZA XCIX.—*Sylvester Larned*, the first minister of the First Presbyterian Church in New Orleans, was the son of Col. Simon Larned of Pittsfield. During my ministry in that town he made a public profession of his belief in Jesus Christ, and became a member of the church in 1813. He died at New Orleans of the yellow fever on his birth day, Aug. 31, 1820, aged 24 years. "His Life and Eloquence," by R. R. Gurley was published in 1844; nor in that book is there any exaggeration of his remarkable talents, and endowments, and qualifications to do good in the great city of the south. There was a remarkable cluster of young men, the graduates of Middlebury College, who died in early life;—Rev. Sylvester Larned, Professor Solomon Metcalf Allen, Rev. Levi Parsons, Rev. Pliny Fisk, and Rev. Joseph R. Andrus: to these, and to Professor Alexander M. Fisher, his friends, Rev. Carlos Wilcox, a writer of great merit, who himself died in 1827, alludes in the following elegiac lines,—regarding them as once assembled at Andover Theological Seminary.

"Ye were a group of stars, collected here,
Some mildly glowing, others sparkling bright;
Here, rising in a region calm and clear,
Ye shone awhile with intermingled light;
Then, parting, each pursuing his own flight
O'er the wide hemisphere, ye singly shone;
But, ere ye climbed to half your promised height,
Ye sunk again with brightening glory round you thrown;
Each left a brilliant track, as each expired alone."

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STANZA C.—Probably the following is not a complete list of the Daughters of Berkshire, who have gone out as missionaries:—

Anna Burnham, to the Choctaws, 1822.

Mrs. *Eunice G. Jones*, wife of Abner D. Jones, Choctaws.

Mrs. *Elizabeth M. Rogers*, wife of Edmund H. Rogers, Sandwich Islands.

Emily Root, N. Y. Indians at Seneca.

Mrs. *Mercy Whitney*, wife of Samuel Whitney, Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. *Judith Wisner*, wife of Samuel Wisner, Cherokees.

Besides these, Miss *Salome Danforth*, the daughter of Colonel Joshua Danforth of Pittsfield, is at the head of a flourishing female Protestant Boarding School in the village of Bournabut, six miles from Smyrna—the only school of the kind in the Turkish empire;—and the chief patrons and supporters of this school, it is believed, are ladies of Pittsfield.

LAST NOTE.—In the delivery of this Poem a few stanzas relating to the living sons of Berkshire were introduced, by the advice of a friend, in order to promote the good fellowship of the occasion; but, after answering this temporary purpose, they are properly omitted in this publication, as they were not designed to be a part of the poem. Some introductory lines are also omitted; and some names, which were interwoven in the text, will be found in the notes.

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8. HYMN. TUNE—*Old Hundred.*

(The whole Congregation uniting.)

Command thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be:
Speak to each heart the mighty word,
Say to the weakest "Follow me."

Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

O thou, our Maker, Savior, Guide,
One true, eternal God confest;
May nought in life or death divide
The friends in sweet communion blest.

9. POEM, by PALMER.

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THE MOTHER-LAND'S HOME-CALL.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

We miss the swallows' graceful wing
When autumn leaves grow pale and sere,
But with the first soft gale of spring
Her purple plumes again appear:
Green isles that crown the southern main
Smiled sweetly on their minstrel guest;
Yet all their gorgeous charms were vain,
To wean her from her mountain nest.

But ye whose truant feet have coursed
Afar o'er alien lands and seas,
By no imperious instinct forced
To seek for sunnier skies than these—
Why turn *ye* not? ah! wherefore let
Strange scenes your charmed fancies bind?
Ah, why for long, long years forget
The homes and hearts ye left behind?

O spurn at last ambition's chain
Around your better natures wrought,
Nor longer swell the eager train
Of fame or fortune's Juggernaut!
Return, and boyhood's faded spring
Shall bloom round manhood's homeward track;
And memory's refluent sunshine fling
The shadow from life's dial back!

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The grove's lone aisles shall ring again
With music of their vernal choirs,
While gaily on from glen to glen
The wild brooks sweep their silvery lyres:
And love shall ply her tenderest art,
Sweet home her sweetest aspect wear,
That wearied mind and wounded heart
May find a sure Bethesda there.

Come seek the scenes of boyish glee,
The haunts of youth's sedater hours,
And, dearer yet, the trysting-tree
Still wreathed with love's immortal flowers:
Come muse where oft in years gone by
O'er kindred dust ye bent the knee,
And feel twere almost sweet to die,
Since that green turf your couch shall be!

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RESPONSE OF THE HOME-COMERS.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Hail, Land of Green Mountains! whose valleys and streams
Are fair as the Muse ever pictured in dreams;
Where the stranger oft sighs with emotion sincere,—
Ah, would that my own native home had been here!

Hail, Land of the lovely, the equal, the brave,
Never trod by the foe, never tilled by the slave;
Where the lore of the world to the hamlet is brought,
And speech is as free as the pinions of thought.

But blest as thou art, in our youth we gave ear
To hope when she whispered of prospects more dear,
Where the hills and the vales teem with garlands untold,
And the rainbow ne'er flies with its jewels and gold.

Yet chide not too harshly thy truants grown gray
In the chase of bright phantoms that lured us astray;
For weary and lone has our pilgrimage been
From the haunts of our chidhood, the graves of our kin.

Nor deem that with us, out of sight out of mind
Were the homes and the hearts we left saddened behind:
As the hive to the bee, as her nest to the dove,
These, these have been ever our centre of love.

Yes, when far away from thee, Land of our birth,
We have mused mid the trophies and Tempes of earth,
Our thoughts, like thy spring-birds flown home o'er the sea,
In day-dreams and night-dreams have still been with thee.

11. DOXOLOGY.

12. BENEDICTION.

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SECOND DAY.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 23D, 10 O'CLOCK, A. M.

1. SINGING. ODE—"*The Pilgrim's Return.*"

BY HON. EZEKIEL BACON.

[Written for the occasion.]

I.

Hark! from our "Father-land" we hear,
Its fond inviting voice;
"Haste to your natal Jubilee,
And with my sons rejoice."

II.

We come, we come, from distant climes,
With joy to greet the day,
And in thy sacred temples here
Once more our vows to pay.

III.

[We come from Maine's stern rock-bound coast,
From homes upon the deep,
From where the Vine and Olive blooms,
The balmy zephyrs sleep.]

IV.

[Where'er our wandering feet may roam,
Where'er our lot is cast,
To thee, dear land, our hearts still turn,
Our first love,—and our last.]

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V.

[For on thy fair and fostering soil
Our cradled limbs were rocked;
To thee our early years were given,
Our ripe affections locked.]

VI.

And though the bosoms kind that nursed
Our infancy may rest
Within their "dark and narrow bed,"
In clay cold vestments drest;

VII.

The temples where we humbly knelt
No more may lift their spires;
And in the old paternal halls
May cease their wonted fires;

VIII.

Yet long those sainted names shall live,
"The memories of the just;"
The holy Fanes our feet have trod,
Though mouldered long in dust.

IX.

Still in these pleasant, peaceful vales,
Temples more glorious rise,
As through their hallowed portals pass
Fresh Pilgrims to the skies.

2. PRAYER, by Rev. D. D. Field, D D.

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3. SINGING. Song. Tune—"*Come to the Sunset Tree.*"

BY A LADY.

[Written for the occasion.]

Come to the old roof tree,—
To thy childhood's happy home,—
To the hearts which beat for thee,—
Beloved wanderer, come!

Come ye of the unbowed head,—
Ye of the joyful breast,—
Come where your feet have sped
In childhood's sweet unrest.
Come to the purling stream,
Come to the pebbly shore,
Come, for the sunny beam
Laughs brightly as of yore.
Come to the old roof tree,
To thy childhood's happy home,
To hearts which beat for thee,—
Beloved wanderer, come!

We know that on many a heart
Sorrow hath left its trace;—
We know that care hath robb'd
The bloom from many a face;—
But come to the father's door,
Come to the mother's love,
For here is joy once more
Meet for the blest above.
Come to the old roof tree, &c.

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Perchance the grave is green
Of those you held most dear;
But come where their love hath been—
For their spirits linger near!
Come to the sacred mound,—
'Twill raise the heart above
To the better home they've found
With the pure and true above.
Come to the old roof tree, &c.

Come, though the gray-hair'd sire
Sleep 'neath the coffin lid,—
Come, though the mother's grace
From thy longing gaze be hid;
Come to the old roof tree
And bend the knee in prayer,
Thou shalt go forth more pure
For having worshiped there.
Come to the old roof tree,
To thy childhood's happy home,—
To the hearts which beat for thee,
Beloved wanderer,—come!

4. ORATION, by Hon. Joshua A. Spencer.

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SCHOOL GROUNDS OF THE PITTSFIELD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTION

AN ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT PITTSFIELD, AT

THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE,

AUGUST 23, 1844.

By JOSHUA A. SPENCER.

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ORATION.

We have come in answer to a Mother's call. The dispersed sons and daughters of Berkshire have returned to their own hill country, and to their early kindred, and we have altogether come up to our Jerusalem to worship. It is a meeting of kindred spirits which has broken up the deep fountains of our hearts, and they are gushing forth in streams of love, and joy, and gratitude.

Filled with these emotions, in justice to my own as well as to your feelings, I can address you only as

Fathers, Mothers,
Sisters, Brothers,

Friends; for in these relations alone have we been welcomed, and none beside can feel our joys. Since our return we have seen the sun rise, and set where it rose and set to the eyes of our childhood — have looked upon the green hills "which we beheld in the days of our youth," have visited the old dwellings of our fathers, looked into the well and seen face answering to face in water, but not to the face of youth; we have drank from the old moss grown bucket, "trod the pathway to the old pasture, to the orchard, to the meadow; have rambled over our old nutting and hunting

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and fishing grounds; "Slaked our thirst at the same perennial spring or gurgling rill, and tasted the winter green plucked from the woody hill side — we have loitered around the old school house, looked into it, but saw not the smiling school-dame," nor our little school fellows. We have ran over the racing ground of our boyhood, and bathed in the same stream. We have worshiped in the same "meeting house," and heard preached the Gospel of peace. We there met a few familiar faces, many half recognized countenances, but more who were strangers unto us. In early morning, or in the evening twilight, we have gone to the resting place of our departed friends, read there the inscriptions on monuments erected in parental, fraternal, and filial affection, listened to the "small still voice" speaking from the grave, and our hearts held sweet, silent converse with their blessed spirits which seemed hovering there. In all these scenes has indeed been awakened

> "The memory of joys that are past,
> Pleasant and mournful to the soul."

Until this our return, we did not fully realize how ardently we love "our own, our Native land," and our "kindred who have remained here to beautify the old homestead," while we have gone out to expend our energies in other portions of this land. We have come to rejoice with you while "we are gathered at the hearth of our Mother to hold a day of congratulations and sweet recollections." And with grateful hearts have we found that you "love us none the less be-

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cause we have gone from you." And your hearts' desire shall be satisfied, for "the home of our childhood *does* live and will live green in our memory." It is the joy and pride of our hearts to feel and acknowledge with you, that "the chain which binds us to you is more than golden, and we too, would have its links grow stronger and brighter." Let it be extended until it shall encircle the whole earth and bind together our common brotherhood.

How true is it my friends, that "the sons of old Massachusetts have reason to revere and love their native soil. She *is* the mother and nurse of a mighty people. She does indeed hold on her way with her soil trodden by the free, and the air of her mountains still breathed by a noble race of men. Her hills, her vallies and her limpid streams remain as they were,', but even these shall not endure as long as shall the great principles which lie at the foundation of her institutions.

It is now nearly two hundred and twenty-four years since our Pilgrim Fathers reached the bleak coast of this "new world," and effected a landing at the consecrated "Rock of Plymouth," with a wide waste of water on the one side, and a wilderness waste on the other. The history of their sacrifices, their sufferings and their achievements is familiar to us all. It will remain so to after generations as long as grateful hearts shall beat in American breasts. They came freighted with riches more enduring than gold, more precious than pearls — a knowledge of the true, the great principles of religious and civil liberty, resolved on their

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maintenance at every sacrifice. These principles they carefully planted in the soil of their chosen home, watered them with their tears, and guarded them with their prayers. They took deep root, have had a steady growth, and will, under the protection of a righteous God, continue to spread until they cover the whole earth.

After the memorable event just mentioned, more than one hundred years elapsed and Berkshire remained an unbroken forest, peopled only by a few red men along the banks of its beautiful Housatonic. Not until 1725, did our bold hardy ancestors effect a settlement within its borders. Sheffield has the honor of affording an asylum to the pioneers, and of being the first incorporated town. Among these fearless men were Noble, Austin, Ashley, and others whose names will be revered by their descendants, while the history of our country remains.

True to the great principles of the Pilgrims, the General Assembly in its grant of two townships of which Sheffield is a portion, directed its commissioners to reserve lands for the first settled minister, for the future support of the Gospel, and for the maintenance of schools. This was no novel evidence of the wisdom which distinguished the councils of the Colony, and has since done the Councils of the State; and conferred such enduring benefits and blessing upon mankind. Religion and universal education have always occupied a prominent place in the deliberations and acts of our time-honored sires.

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Great Barrington and Egremont, at that early day forming part of Sheffield, were settled soon after. Here have lived the Ingersolls, the Hopkins', the Whitings, the Iveses, and other time-honored names.

In the history of Stockbridge, there is much of interest. Here, soon after the commencement of the white settlements, on the Housatonic below, under the kind care of their white fathers, were gathered the scattered families of the "River Indians." In 1734, Mr. John Sergeant, their first missionary, became their spiritual teacher, and Mr. Timothy Woodbridge their schoolmaster. Efforts were early made to enlarge the means of instruction by the aid of the manual labor of the pupils. The Rev. Dr. Watts and Captain Coram, lent their aid to raise funds in England, and the Prince of Wales, Mr. Hollis, and many other distinguished men contributed to the funds of the mission.

On the demise of Mr. Sergeant, the renowned President Edwards became his successor, assisted by other distinguished men. It was here he composed his great work on the Will.

Among the good men connected with this benevolent enterprise, Capt. John Koukapot's name deserves a place. He was a native, as brave as he was faithful, and as religious as he was brave.

The immediate fruits of these labors of love, were the rearing of many educated men who shared in the ecclesiastical, the civil, and the military concerns of the times; in the efficient aid of the tribe in the war of the Revolution, and in the security afforded to the surround-

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ing white inhabitants against the hostile incursions of other tribes of Indians by their presence, their known fidelity, watchfulness and bravery. Soon after the peace of 1783, this tribe of Indians removed to a tract of land given them by the Oneida nation in the State of New-York. This they called New Stockbridge. Upon this fertile spot of six miles square, with the younger Sergeant for their minister, they continued to reside until the year 1822. With many of the leading men of this little community, I became acquainted soon after 1811; and it affords me pleasure to bear testimony to their high character for industry, sobriety, intelligence and integrity. Their example furnishes a beautiful illustration of the benign influence of civilization and the Christian religion upon the red man of the forest, and high evidence of the faithfulness of those good men who were employed as their instructors. The nation still exists as a distinct community near the head of Green Bay, with most of the Oneidas for their neighbors, where with faithfulness under God's blessing, they maintain their praiseworthy habits and character.

The first printing press established in the County, in 1788, was at Stockbridge; and from it not the "star in the East," but the "Western Star" appeared to shed its mellow light upon Berkshire's hills. Not long after, issuing from a press in Pittsfield, the "Sun" arose in the firmament of this County, and its rays gilded the hill tops, and illuminated the vallies. Among my earliest recollections is the post-rider bearing these

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lights of the mind. Methinks there can now be heard in the distance, the sound of his horn announcing his welcome approach.

Here too, at an early day, other lights appeared and shone in their brightness, in the sacred desk, at the bar, on the judicial bench, and in the halls of legislation. Among them a long catalogue of names might be enumerated, but it is unnecessary. They live in history, and in the memory of their descendants. Of these "many daughters have done virtuously, but one excellest them all." She has done honor to her illustrious sire, to her sex, and to our country. "Her works do follow her."

Compared with the rapid peopling of the great west, the settlement of Berkshire was slow. But it was progressive and onward. The same noble race of men which first entered its borders with strong arms, resolute hearts, and dauntless courage, penetrated its deep forests and laid them low. In the vallies and on the hill-sides, the cleared fields and the waving grain appeared. While yet only the log house was their dwelling place, the meeting house and the school house were neither forgotten nor neglected. The minister of the Gospel was at his labor, and the schoolmaster was abroad in the land. What else than that which we have seen and do now see, could be the fruit of such a beginning?

The settlement of the northern towns was considerably retarded by the frequent incursions of the Indians from Canada. These occasioned the building of Fort

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Massachusetts in Adams, and a smaller fortification in Williamstown before the first French war. Under the protection of these forts, after the close of that war in 1748, and while they were commanded by Col. Ephraim Williams the younger, the settlement of the northern towns commenced. In Lenox in 1750, in Pittsfield and Williamstown in 1752. But as late as 1755, the settlers were compelled to flee before the stealthy foe and take refuge in Stockbridge, with the loss of some of their number. These severe trials did not entirely subside until several years afterward. The treaty of peace between England and France in 1763, brought them to a close. Before this period settlements had commenced in most of the towns of the County. Six only however were then incorporated. From this time until the commencement of the war of the Revolution, Eastern Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, gave up many of their resolute sons and daughters to people this Switzerland, and the wilderness was soon converted into fruitful fields. But peace did not long continue. They were however found equal to every exigency. The Colonial difficulties with the mother country had not been unobserved by them.

The world has heard of the fame of the Congress of 1776, and scarcely less known are the memorable proceedings of the Mecklenburgh convention of 1775. But earlier than either of these, on the 6th day——1774, a Congress of Deputies of the several towns in this county, convened at Stockbridge, of which *John Ashley* was chosen President, and Theodore Sedgwick was

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appointed Secretary. Sixty members were in attendance. The names and the transactions of this band of Patriots should be as well known and as familiar to the sons and daughters of Berkshire, as is the declaration of our National Independence.

Among much other business done, a covenant was agreed upon and recommended to be signed by the people of the County, engaging with each other "not to import, purchase, or consume any goods, wares, or manufactures arriving in America from Great Britain, until their charter and constitutional rights should be restored.

"To observe the most strict obedience to all Constitutional laws and authority.

"To promote peace, love, and unanimity among each other.

"To take the most prudent care for the raising of Sheep and Flax, and the manufacture of clothes and linen, and to withhold all dealings and transactions with those persons who should refuse to sign or observe the covenant."

And they recommended and set apart Thursday, the 14th July, for a day of fasting and prayer, to implore the divine assistance that he would interpose and in mercy avert those evils with which they were threatened.

In after years similar conventions were held, in which the condition of the County and the country were considered, and measures for promoting the general welfare recommended.

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That which shows as well the rapid growth of the County after the close of the French war, as the readiness of the people for determined action, is the raising of two regiments of "minute men" in this same year; the one commanded by Col. John Patterson of Lenox, and the other by Col. John Fellows of Sheffield. These men were not misnamed. On the 18th April, 1775, the battle of Lexington was fought! news of it reached Berkshire, (not by the rail-road,) on the 20th, at noon. At sunrise the next morning, Col. Patterson's regiment, completely equipped and uniformed, were on the march to Boston. Fired by the same spirit, Col. Fellows' regiment with equal promptitude and appointment, proceeded to Roxbury. Many of these brave men remained in the service to the close of the war. Nor did Berkshire at any other time, nor in any emergency during the fearful struggle falter in her duty. As she then shared in the sacrifices made upon her country's altar, so does she now in the glory of her achievement.

At length, as is well known, peace came. But 1783 witnessed no sudden recovery of prosperity. After a few years of manly struggle to bring plenty out of destitution, the people of this County, in common with those of the State, were put to a new trial of their patriotism. In 1786 domestic insurrection raised its fiendish form, sundering the ties of kindred and friends, and threatening anarchy throughout the entire State. But here again were our fathers found equal to the emergency. Prompt and energetic action soon dis-

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persed and put to flight the insurgents, but not without the loss of life in the principal battle, which was fought at Sheffield, on the 27th Feb., 1787. Quiet was soon after restored, but the evils inflicted were not so speedily cured. Asperity and division in families, Churches, and Society, occasioned by this outbreak, required years to wear away. Of the insurgents, fourteen were tried for treason, convicted, and sentenced to death. But to the honor of our Country, history will record that even in the infancy of our institutions as well as in their manhood, no life has been taken by the hangman for political offences.

But let us turn from this painful incident in Berkshire's history, to the pleasant contemplation of another, which speaks peace and good will to men. Its record is among the brightest pages of her history, and its gentle influences are felt not only here, but in every quarter of the globe.

Col. Ephraim Williams, to whose name, allusion has already been made, as is well known was the founder of the seat of sound learning in this County. He fell in the service of his country as the commander of a regiment, on the 8th of September, 1755, near the shores of Lake George, when only forty-one years old. For several years he had followed the ocean, and had made many voyages to Europe, but had relinquished this pursuit prior to the first French war in 1744. In this war he was greatly distinguished for his bravery as the captain of a company in the army of New England for the Canadian service. Soon after its close

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he was appointed to the command of the line of Massachusetts Forts on the west side of the Connecticut river, and made his head-quarters principally at Fort Massachusetts. In its vicinity he was the owner of considerable tracts of land, and witnessed the commencement of their settlement. The strong affections of his generous heart were drawn out towards the fellers of the forest, for he saw and felt their dangers, their privations, their hardships, and their sufferings. He resolved to be their benefactor, and he became the benefactor of mankind. On his march to the northern frontier, on the 22nd July, 1755, a few days before his death, he made his will. By this, after bequests to his kindred, he directed "that the remainder of his land should be sold at the discretion of his executors within five years after an established peace; and that the interest of the monies arising from the sale, and the interest of his notes and bonds should be applied to the support of a free school in a township west of Fort Massachusetts forever, provided the township when incorporated should be called Williamstown."

This trust has been most faithfully executed; for notwithstanding the almost uninterrupted continuance of war from the lamented death of this good man, until the close of the Revolutionary struggle in 1783, we find these trustees as early as 1785, making application to the Legislature, for a law to enable them more fully and beneficially to carry into effect the high purposes of their appointment. An act incorporating a free school was passed, and nine trustees were ap-

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pointed. A lottery for its aid was granted, which realized $3,500. The inhabitants subscribed $2,000 more, and in 1790 an edifice was erected. The next year a school was opened under the care of Mr. Ebenezer Fitch.

The people of Williamstown, influenced by a most commendable desire fully to carry out the object of the founder, in 1793 petitioned the legislature to erect the free school into a college. The prayer was granted, accompanied with a farther endowment of $4,000. Thus was brought into existence within ten years after the close of a long desolating war, this favorite seat of learning of which Berkshire may be justly proud without reproach. Its onward course for fifty years, is a name and a praise in the whole earth. The light of its thousand educated men has not been hid. Their's and our country's history will be written together.

In 1807, Samuel J. Mills, Gordon Hall, and James Richards, were pupils there. Often in lonely retirement on the banks of the Hoosac River, their young hearts communed together, and their united prayers for the heathen ascended to the throne of grace. They were heard and answered.

In 1808, in one of the rooms of the college, a society was formed by them and a few other kindred spirits, for sending a mission to the heathen. For its commencement they wrestled until 1810, when on the 27th June of that year, Adoniram Judson, Samuel Nott, Jr., Samuel J. Mills and Samuel Newell, submitted their views to the general Association of Massa-

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chusetts, and sought the advice and counsel of the fathers of the church. Immediately the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized by that body of men, and commenced its great work. The hearts of these young men were already prepared to obey their Master's command — "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." They went, and with what zeal, fidelity and success they fulfilled their mission, need not here be told. They are written in the history of the church. The broad stream of benevolence which here commenced its steady flow, has already borne its life-imparting influence to the islands of the sea, and to the uttermost parts of the earth. The heathen are made glad in its coming, and clap their hands for joy. But who can tell what will assuredly be done through this instrumentality? That is reserved for the unfoldings of eternity.

May not Berkshire too, well rejoice in the prosperity of her Metropolitan village? Not the first to begin, but the first in the course of all the lovely places of business activity and quiet retirement within her borders. Pittsfield's long well shaded streets, her deeply embowered dwellings with their spacious pleasure grounds, wear the distinctive and charming livery of New England village scenery. Here is the home of comfort, refinement, and, as we well know, of hospitality. In the midst of the enchantment, her far famed elm lifts its lofty branches to meet the sun in his coming.

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"Wise with the lore of centuries
What tales, if there were tongues in trees,
That giant elm could tell."

With what pleasure would we listen in silence to its teaching? We might perhaps inquire, how long ago its young germ peered above the surface? At what early day the birds nested and caroled in its branches? When the red man first rested at its foot? In what year it lifted its head above its surrounding fellows and became their king? How these one by one at long intervals, or in quick succession fall? How many "winter's winds have whistled through its branches," since it became the forest king? What was done amidst these hills before the light of civilization dawned upon them? But 'tis dumb — it will not answer; and we will console ourselves with the reflection that we are not the first of *our* race whose questions have failed of solution.

With pleasure too, have our eyes seen that of which we had before heard — these seats of science and learning. Let the knowledge of this Medical Institution go forth with healing in its wings. Let all live and flourish. Let their usefulness be commensurate with their fame.

But that which has greatly rejoiced the hearts of Berkshire's guests is, that we have everywhere witnessed surprising improvements in all the departments of life. "Her hills, her vallies and her limped streams do in truth remain as they were; but the former *are* greatly beautified by the hand of man, and the latter

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pressed into his service, and made the source of increasing wealth." And her people ever true to their interests, will still farther press them into their service, and draw still greater wealth from the same unfailing source.

Berkshire may justly claim the honor of having formed and established the first Agricultural Society in our country. This was incorporated in 1811, under the active and influential agency of the Hon. Elkanah Watson, then a resident of the County. It has ever since held its annual fair at Pittsfield, in the month of October in each year, and has exerted a powerful and highly beneficial influence upon the great and diversified agricultural interests of the County not only, but of our country at large. Its legitimate fruits are strong and abiding friendship and good feeling among the people: the better cultivation of the soil, the beautifying of the farms, the great improvement of all kinds of domestic animals, and of household manufactures, and the vast increase of production; the well deserved reward of ingenuity and industry.

These few leading incidents in the settlement, history, and present condition of Berkshire, have been brought before our minds on the present occasion only by way of remembrance, that we may contemplate in broad contrast the privations and sufferings of its early settlers, and the benefits and blessings everywhere enjoyed by their descendants; so that thankfulness and gratitude may fill our hearts.

Nor has Berkshire, in common with all New Eng-

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land, been wanting in expansive benevolence. She has not withheld her offspring from going forth to people other portions of our country, carrying with them the principles and habits of their Fathers. In every State of the Union, and in almost every hamlet, they and their descendants are now found and known; and wherever they are, their impress is seen and felt.

We live in an eventful age. Since the commencement of our National existence, we have witnessed greater advancement in the arts of civilized life, than had been beheld in centuries before. The application of steam to the purposes of navigation, to locomotion, to every department of Mechanics, forms an epoch more marked than any other since our Savior's advent.

The middle ages of the world are distinguished by the discovery of the Magnetic Needle, enabling distant nations to hold easy intercourse with each other, and converting the wide ocean which before lay waste, into a great highway; on which nautical science has drawn every line, and marked every point. And by the invention of printing, which freighted their ships with the combined knowledge of the world, making it the common property of all. But who can recount the increased power for doing good which steam has imparted to this invention and to this discovery? The power press — the steam ship — the rail-road car. From the one, as from the sun in the firmament, the light of intellectual man is radiated, and by the others, almost with the celerity of light, it is borne across ocean and continent.

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All these means for advancing National greatness and individual prosperity and happiness, are by the providence of God, placed in our young and vigorous hands. With them we are to demonstrate the great problem "that man is capable of self government,"—that the American people, without kings or nobles, can at the same time be rulers, and ruled according to their own will, without change of dynasty, and without decay. How this can best be done, concerns us and our children.

Our government, unlike any other, commenced its existence with all its proportions fully developed. The wisdom of mature manhood laid its foundations deep and strong, built thereon the superstructure, and put all its parts in harmonious movement. The great builders have gone to their reward, and we have succeeded to the inheritance. Our's is the humbler, though little less responsible duty of its preservation, with such improvements as experience shall suggest, and to transmit it to our children not only unimpaired, but strengthened and improved.

How better, indeed how else can this high duty be discharged than by a careful study of the elements of New England character, and by the maintenance and preservation of their combined whole in all its symmetrical proportions?

Here with the light of History is found the distinguishing difference between ours and all the free governments of antiquity, and the reason why they are long since only known in History, or by their ruins,

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and why we may indulge the hope, yea the confident expectation, that our's shall endure while time endures.

Their people were pagans, idolators, their temples and their gods were alike, of their own creation. We are Christians, and worship the uncreated, the living and true God. They and their temples and their deities have come to nothing. Our God ever lives and reigns. Their religion was a Mythology built upon the sand. Our's is the religion of the Bible, built upon the Rock of Ages. It endures from everlasting to everlasting.

Let then the Bible be our study as it was that of our Fathers. Let its light shine, not of its burning leaves, but of the principles which dwell in it. Let it be to us and to our chidren a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to lead us not *to* our promised land, but *in* our land already possessed.

Without a knowledge of the Bible, all will agree that there can be no religious liberty. It seems to me almost equally clear that without religious liberty, civil liberty cannot exist. Hence it is plain that the study of the Bible is alike indispensable to the civilian, to the statesman, and to the teacher of religion. Where else with equal success, can be learned the absolute and relative rights and duties of men or of governments? Where is it recorded on the pages of History, that tyrants have ever effectually conquered and subjugated a people whose liberties and virtue were founded on the word of God? His government over his intelligent creatures is instituted in infinite benèvo-

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lence for their benefit. Such too should be the great end and aim of all civil governments and laws.

Civil liberty does not depend so much on the removal of all restraint from men, as in the due restraint of the natural liberty of all. It deals with men as social beings, and teaches them how to enjoy their own, without infringing upon another's rights. How much they are to surrender for the sake of securing the enjoyment of the residue. It teaches obedience to the law, and promises protection and security in the enjoyment of life, liberty and property.

There can be no free government which is not founded on the great principle, that all that is valuable in civil institutions, rests on the intelligence and virtue of the people. This acknowledges the right, and enjoins the duty of the people to understand their public interests, and to adopt such means in conformity to law, as in their judgment will best promote them.

These responsible duties can never be well discharged, nor these great rights secured, without regard to another element of the New England character —

That of universal education. Next to religion, this subject lies nearest the heart of every New Englander. It is so interwoven with his very nature, that it is carried with him wherever he goes, and its benefits and blessings are inherited by his children.

Your school houses, your academies, and your colleges, and the means for their support furnished by private munificence and public law, bear ample testimony that New England holds on her course with firm

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step and onward advance. Will she not feel her obligation always to provide a great fountain of religion and knowledge, from which fresh supplies may be drawn and borne by her sons and daughters who are yet to go forth to people the mighty west, with which to infuse new life and energy into those who have gone before? While this obligation is fulfilled, New England may look abroad in our land, and with sincere pleasure and thankful heart, contemplate the influence she has exerted, and will through all coming time exert upon the destiny of our country. No bounds have been set to the amount of good which can and will be done by the harmonious working of her principles, her habits, and her ingenuity.

Compared with the life of other nations, our sun has not yet risen: its light is now only seen gilding the eastern horizon. It may not rise in our day. At the close of how many centuries it will reach its meridian height, and what will be the condition of our country then, is not given to us to know. But reasoning from the past to the future, and keeping in mind the accelerated momentum imparted by modern improvements, the conviction is forced upon the mind, that come when it will, it will be far above and beyond the loftiest imaginings of the most comprehensive intellect.

These views have not been taken to pamper individual vanity or national pride, but to impress more deeply upon our minds the solemn responsibilities which rest upon each of us as sons and daughters of the Pilgrims — as American citizens — and to stimu-

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late us to renewed exertions to meet them with manly firmness.

It is obvious to the most superficial observer that physical and intellectual man in their career, have in this our day far outran religious man. Indeed so mighty, so diversified, so wonderful have been their achievements, that there is reason to fear that self dependence is fast taking the place of dependence on God for all that we are and all we desire. Neither head wind, nor the tide, nor the strong current of our mighty rivers, any longer impede their navigation, and the broad Atlantic has become as a ferry.

With equal facility, and with still greater celerity, do we ascend the hills and the mountains, and glide across the plains, making our whole country as one neighborhood, and bringing our distant friends almost within our call.

With these developements of physical and intellectual power our people are absorbed, and have become impatient of restraint. For real or supposed defects in our laws or systems of government, they have not waited for the application of constitutional remedies, but nullification and violence have too often taken their place. Here lies our danger, and for the remedy, let the *religious* man be aroused to his duty, and send forth deeper and broader streams of the Bible's softening, peaceful influences. Let the religion, and the example of our Pilgrim Fathers take a stronger hold on the hearts of men, and constantly remind them that obedience to the laws of our country, and respect for

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the civil magistrate, are among the first and highest duties of every citizen.

Where, upon the face of the whole earth, if not in New England, in the "Old Bay State," in our own dear "Berkshire," amidst these hills, peopled as they are by a homogeneous race of men, can the great principles on which the stability and perpetuity of our government rest, be at the same time garnered up and diffused through our land? This is an employment where the mind and the heart may labor together in concord with full assurance of their reward. Though the profane may rave, the sceptic sneer, and the infidel scoff, the countenance of the believer shall not blanch, nor his step falter, nor his course be turned aside. Steadily, peacefully, and onward, shall be his way, drawing all men unto it.

Not to detain my indulgent auditors longer from the enjoyment of the other appointments of the day, where a richer "feast of reason and flow of soul" await us, allow me to inquire, when will the sons and daughters of Berkshire hold another "Jubilee?" Never certainly another *first* Jubilee; that pleasure is vouchsafed unto us, but another Jubilee? Whether it shall be in our day, or be reserved for our children, or children's children we know not; but come when it will, we do know they will find a hearty welcome. These beautiful hills by which we are surrounded, shall not be more enduring, than shall be the love their people bear for their absent kindred.

In conclusion, my friends, let us offer our united

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thanks unto God, that our birthplace was in the midst of these hills — our existence in this eventful age of the world, and this free country our home. Long, long, forever may it be the home of the free and send forth the true spirit of intelligent, civil, and religious liberty to other lands and other countries, and be a name and a praise in the whole earth.

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ODE.

WRITTEN FOR THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

BY MRS. F. K. BUTLER.

Darkness upon the mountain and the vale,
The woods, the lakes, the fields, are buried deep,
In the still silent solemn star-watched sleep,
No sound, no motion, and o'er hill and dale
A calm and lovely death seems to embrace
Earth's fairest realms, and Heaven's unfathomed space.

The forest slumbers, leaf and branch and bough,
High feathery crest, and lowliest grassy blade ;
All restless, wandering wings, are folded now,
That swept the sky, and in the sunshine play'd.
The lake's wild waves sleep in their rocky bowl.
Unbroken stillness streams from nature's soul,
And night's great, star-sown wings, stretch o'er the whole.

In the deep trance of the hush'd universe,
The dark death mystery doth man rehearse,
Now, for a while, cease the swift thoughts to run
From task to task; tir'd labor overdone
With lighter toil than that of brain, or heart,
In the sweet pause of outward life takes part:
And hope, and fear, desire, love, joy, and sorrow,
Wait 'neath sleep's downy wings, the coming morrow.
Peace on the earth, profoundest peace in Heaven,
Praises the God of peace by whom 'tis given.

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But hark! the woody depths of green
Begin to stir,
Light breaths of life creep fresh between
Oak, beech, and fir:
Faint rustling sounds of trembling leaves
Whisper around,
The world at waking, slowly heaves,
A sigh profound;
And showers of tears, night-gathered in her eyes,
Fall from fair nature's face, as she doth rise.

A ripple roughens on the lake,
The silver lilies shivering wake,
The leaden waves lift themselves up, and break,
Along the laurell'd shore;
And woods and waters, answering each other, make
Silence no more.

And lo! the east turns pale!
Night's dusky veil
Thinner and thinner grows;
Till the bright morning star,
From hill to hill afar,
His fire glance throws.
Gold streaks run thro' the sky,
Higher and yet more high
The glory streams;
Flushes of rosy hue
Long lines of palest blue,
And amber gleams.
From the black vallies rise
The silver mists, like spray,
Catch, and give back the ray,
With thousand dyes,
Light floods the Heavens, light pours upon the earth,
In glorious light, the glorious day takes birth.

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Hail to this day! that brings ye home
Ye distant wanderers from the mountain land,
Hail to this hour! that bids ye come
Again upon your native hills to stand.
Hail, hail! from rocky peak,
And wood embowered dale,
A thousand loving voices speak,
Hail! home-turn'd pilgrims hail!
Oh, welcome ! from the meadow and the hill
Glad greetings rise,
From flowing river, and from bounding rill,
Bright level lake, and dark green wood depths still,
And the sharp thunder-splinter'd crag, that strikes
Its rocky spikes
Into the skies.

Grey-Lock, cloud girdled, from his purple throne,
A voice of welcome sends,
And from green sunny fields, a warbling tone
The Housatonic blends.

Welcome ye absent long, and distant far!
Who from the roof-tree of your childhood turn'd,
Have waged mid strangers, life's relentless war,
While at your hearts, the ancient home-love burn'd.

Ye, that have plough'd the barren briny foam,
Reaping hard fortunes from the stormy sea,
The golden grain fields rippling round your home,
Roll their rich billows from all tempests free.

Ye, from those western, deadly blooming fields,
Where Pestilence in Plenty's bosom lies,
The hardy rock-soil of your mountains yields
Health's rosy blossoms to these purer skies.

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And ye who on the accursed southern plain,
Barren, not fruitful, with the sweat of slaves
Have drawn awhile the tainted air in vain,
'Mid human forms their spirits' living graves.
Here, fall the fetters, by his cottage door,
Lord of the lordliest life each peasant stands,
Lifting to God, as did his sires of yore,
A heart of love and free laborious hands.*

On each bald granite brow, and forest crest,
Each stony hill path, and each lake's smooth shore,
Blessings of noble exil'd patriots rest,
Liberty's altars are they evermore.

And on this air, there lingers yet the tone,
Of those last sacred words to freedom given,
The mightiest utterance of that sainted one,
Whose spirit from these mountains soar'd to Heaven.

Ye that have prosper'd bearing hence with ye,
The virtues that command prosperity;
To the green threshold of your youth, ah! come!
And hang your trophies round your early home.

Ye that have suffer'd, and whose weary eyes
Have turn'd with sadness to your happier years,
Come to the fountain of sweet memories!
And by its healing waters, dry your tears.

Ye that departed young, and old return,
Ye who led forth by hope — now hopeless come,
If still unquenched within your hearts, doth burn
The sacred love and longing for your home:

* This stanza was omitted in the reading, as it was thought not to be in strict harmony with the occasion. Ed.

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Hail, hail!
Bright hill and dale,
With joy resound!
Join in the joyful strain!
Ye have not wept in vain,
The parted meet again,
The lost shall yet be found!

And may God guard thee, oh, thou lovely land!
Danger, nor evil, nigh thy borders come.
Green towers of freedom may thy hills still stand.
Still, be each valley, peace and virtue's home:
The stranger's grateful blessing rest on thee,
And firm as Heaven, be thy prosperity!

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Hon. Ezekiel Bacon read "The Stockbridge Bowl," by Mrs. Sigourney, of Hartford. By way of illustrating the title prefixed to the article it is proper to mention that the "Stockbridge Bowl" is the fanciful but very appropriate title bestowed by Miss Sedgwick in some of her writings upon a beautiful sheet of water, forming a pond, in the north part of the town of Stockbridge.

[Furnished for the occasion, by the Authoress.]

THE STOCKBRIDGE BOWL.

The Stockbridge Bowl!—Hast ever seen
How sweetly pure and bright,
Its foot of stone, and rim of green
Attract the traveller's sight?—
High set among the breezy hills
Where spotless marble glows,
It takes the tribute of the rills
Distill'd from mountain snows.

You've seen, perchance, the classic vase
At Adrian's villa found,
The grape-vines that its handles chase,
And twine its rim around.
But thousands such as that which boasts
The Roman's name to keep,
Might in this Stockbridge Bowl be lost
Like pebbles in the deep.

It yields no sparkling draughts of fire
To mock the madden'd brain,
As that which warm'd Anacreon's lyre
Amid the Tean plain—

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But freely, with a right good will
Imparts its fountain store,—
Whose heaven-replenished crystal still
Can wearied toil restore.

The Indian hunter knew its power,
And oft its praises spoke,
Long ere the white man's stranger-plough
These western vallies broke;
The panting deer, that wild with pain
From his pursuers stole,
Inhaled new life to every vein
From this same Stockbridge Bowl.

And many a son of Berkshire skies,
Those men of Noble birth,
Though now, perchance, their roofs may rise
In far, or foreign earth,—
Shall on this well remembered vase
With thrilling bosom gaze,
And o'er its mirror'd surface trace
The joys of earlier days.

But one, that with a spiritg-lance
Hath moved her country's heart,
And bade, from dim oblivion's trance
Poor Magawiska start,
Hath won a fame, whose blossoms rare
Shall fear no blighting sky,
Whose lustrous leaf be fresh and fair,
When Stockbridge Bowl is dry.

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SINGING. Words by Mrs. Sigourney.

[Written for the occasion.]

They come! they come! by ardent memory led,
From distant hearth-stones,—a rejoicing train,
And hand in hand with kindred feeling tread
Green Berkshire's vales and breezy hills again.

Back to the cradle of their own sweet birth,
Back to the foot-prints of their flowery prime,
Where, in the nursery of their native earth,
They caught the spirit of their mountain clime;

The free bold spirit, that no chains can bind,
The earnest purpose that no toil can tame,
The calm, inherent dignity of mind,
The love of knowledge and of patriot fame.

They bring the statesman's and the student's dower,
The honors that to rural life belong,
Of sacred eloquence the soul-felt power,
The palm of science and the wreath of song.

And thou, blest Mother! with unfrosted hair,
Still made by age more beautiful and strong,—
Pour a glad welcome, at thy threshold fair,
And breathe thy blessing o'er the filial throng.

Enfold them warmly in thy fond embrace,
And with thy counsels of true wisdom guide,
That like themselves, their yet uncounted race,
May be thy glory, as thou art their pride.

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ODE.

BY MRS. L. HYDE.

To hills that cradled childhood's home,
To vales where kindred ashes sleep,
Gathered from far and near we come
Our jubilee of love to keep:
Touched by one sympathy, a brother band
And proud, on Berkshire's soil as ours to stand.

Her verdant slopes and fertile plains,
Each fairy wood-embosomed lake,
Her quiet hamlets, sacred fanes,
Her men that lofty station take,
With those whose memory comes from olden time
Like mountain shadows, giant and sublime.

Her fir-crowned, and her classic heights
To Sedgwick's name and page allied;
The choicest garden of delights
Stretched far along the river side;
Scenes of the wild and sweet and grand combined,
In moral beauty rich, and rich in cultured mind;

These still we claim, we breathe this air,
And feel the blood with quickened flow
Thrill through the frame long worn with care,
And lend the cheek a youthful glow;
Yes, though these brows may show the touch of time,
Life's first attachments yet are in their prime.

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Were not the voices in our dreams,
When where dark sluggish waters roll,
Of these our live bright mountain streams,
Free as thought's current in the soul;
Fond Children of the hills, afar we pined
Clear, leaping brooks, and rock-born flowers to find.

We view with fixed and moistened eye
Yon summit, in its grandeur lone,
A spell to call back years gone by;
Fair Science, this thy godlike throne,
And holy thoughts, which earth more blest have made
In youthful bosoms, woke beneath its shade.

Southward, stern guardian of a vale
As Tempe fair, old Monument
Lifts his bare brow, all scarred and pale;
His name with song and story blent,
A legend of the roaming red man's days
Embalmed in our own gifted Bryant's lays.

In solemn quiet by the stream,
Or pointing from hill-top to heaven,
Speaks the white marble, "life's a dream;"
Our hearts to tender musings given
Are with the dead, and buried treasures trace
By snowy shaft, or modest tablet's place.

To these the passing tribute paid,
Joyful the living friends we greet
At the same altar-hearth who prayed
Or sat with us in learning's seat;
With whom, in halcyon days, delighted eye
We turned on laughing earth and sunny sky.

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How heart with heart is mingling here,—
As we our varied paths retrace,—
How vanished scenes all re-appear,
Called up by some familiar face;
Forth to the light of day come forms that dwell,
Prisoned in memory's deep and wondrous cell.

Old friends are seated side by side,
In smiles and tears embrace again
The household scattered long and wide;
From distant city, prairie, main,
From learning's halls, from honor's high career,
From toils that earth's dark wastes reclaim and cheer,

The sons of Berkshire here return
A chaplet on her brow to wreathe,
Afresh to fill affection's urn;
Warm hearts in sweet communings breathe
Praise for these social joys, so richly given,
A fragrant incense, borne on song to Heaven.

It is a scene of interest rare,
This lovely village shows to-day;
Gem of our mountain, region fair,
Thou may'st exult in this display
Of worth and talent, in this glow of soul
O'er crystal water, not the maddening bowl.

Nor all in vain we trust may be
This pause along life's hurrying way,
Deep fountains of the heart, set free,
May blend in streams of love to-day,
And God and man, their course approving, trace
In wide and blessed influence on our race.

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We part, this friendly gathering o'er,
With precious stores for memory's hoard;
There is for us one meeting more,
But not around the festive board:
Go we to live for that great day alone,
When time is done, and set the judgment throne!

SINGING. Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage
Struck forth as by thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark, resounding heavens,
Where thy still small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forests,
That by thy breath are stirred;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad—
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,
Round our camp of rock out-spread;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead;

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For the snows, and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

8. BENEDICTION. By Pres. HOPKINS.

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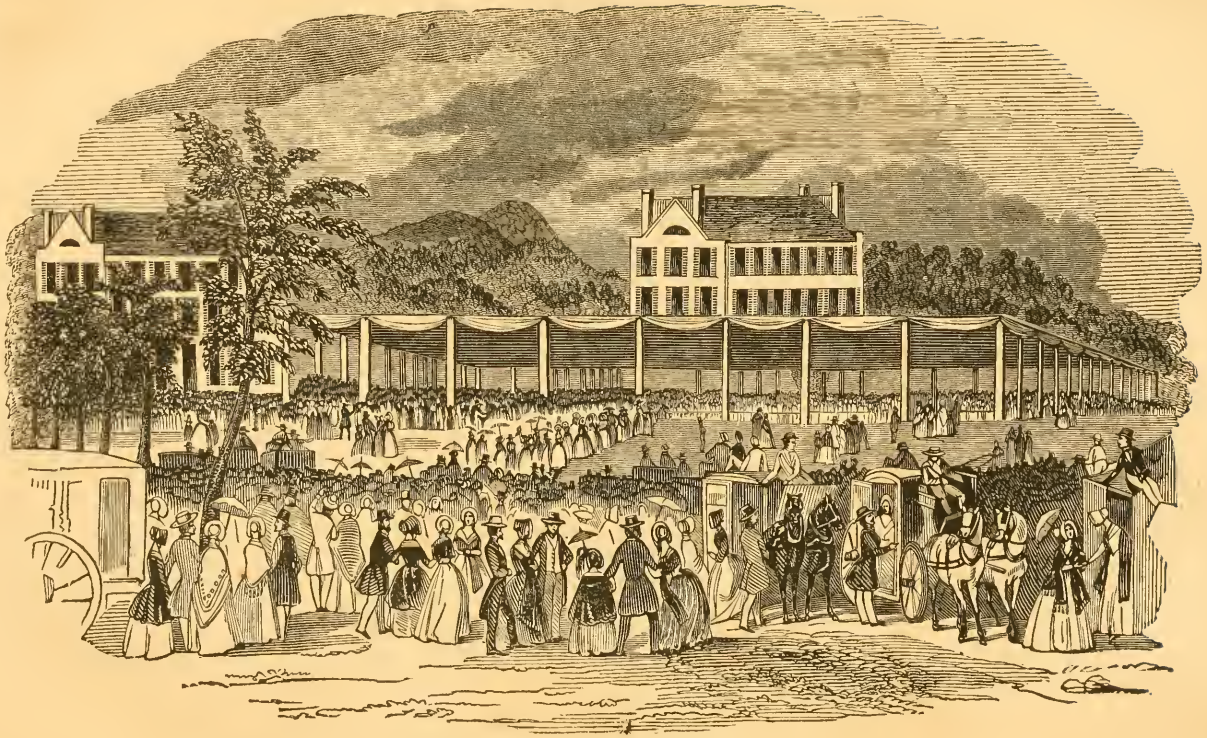

DINNER TA BLES, PAVILION, &c.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE DINNER TICKET.

BERKSHIRE JUBILEE,

At Pittsfield, August 22 and 23, 1844.

GOV. BRIGGS, PRESIDENT.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS IN CITY OF NEW YORK.

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Julius Rockwell, Ensign H. Kellogg, Phinehas Aelen, Jr.

DINNER TICKET, AUGUST 23, 1 O'CLOCK.

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THE DINNER.

On adjourning at 2 o'clock, P.M., from the hill on which the morning exercises had been held, the company moved to the old "Military Grounds," now occupied by the Young Ladies' Institute, where a large tent was spread to receive the guests to the family gathering. We have tried to give a representation of the scene by the plate prefixed. The tables were admirably arranged and calculated to accommodate over three thousand persons. Nearly that number actually took seats at the tables, while thousands stood around the fences to see the spectacle and hear the speeches. The company consisted of about an equal number of both sexes. The exercises at the dinner were designed to be diversified, where the gushings of thousands of warm hearts at the family meeting might be poured out.

On a raised table, in the centre, at the head, were the President Gov. Briggs, Joshua A. Spencer, Esq., Judge Bacon, and others. A blessing was asked by Rev. Dr. Shepard. The Addresses were extemporary, and are preserved by the care of Mr. William J. Niles, of Spencertown, N. Y.

The cloth having been removed, His Excellency Hon. George N. Briggs, Governor of this Commonwealth, rose and addressed the immense audience as follows:

Brothers of Berkshire! I should do injustice to my own feelings, if I did not in the outset declare to you the deep feelings of gratitude which pervade my bosom at the expression of your kindness which has placed me at the head of this family table. The Committee of arrangements have put into my hands a schedule

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marking out what remains to be done at this family gathering; and as the respectability of all families depends very much upon their good order and conduct at the table, you are requested to observe during the residue of the ceremonies the strictest order; for if I am not mistaken, in such a family as this, before the sun goes down you will have first rate speaking. There are some "boys here that can do that thing up well." I see by this arrangement that there are to be some introductory remarks by the President. I hardly know, my brothers and sisters, what to say to you. Foreigners have said, that when we get together here in this Yankee land we always talk about ourselves. Now I should like to know upon this occasion, what else can be talked about; for I think it is very bad policy for families when they are together, to talk about other folks! (Laughter.) It is very right for the children when they come home, to talk about the old home and fireside, and when they cluster about the old people, they have a right to talk of what has taken place during their absence. They have a right to inquire who is married, who is dead, and who is—runaway! if they please.

Here have come together around this family board, sons and daughters, whose residences are scattered over the surface of eighteen of these twenty-six States. We may well say to ourselves, (and if there are strangers here they will indulge us in saying so,) that we must be rather a promising family to have our children spread thus far and wide over the four quarters of this great land, and gathered together again on an occasion of this kind. We have heard, brothers, from our friend yesterday in sober prose, and from our other friend in cheerful poetry—we have heard much about the history of our good old mother Berkshire. They went back to her origin as a County, alluded to some events in her history, talked of her loved and interesting children, spoke of her beautiful scenery, and of the spirit and enterprise of her sons and daughters; and they had a right to talk so. It was said today, that within twelve hours after the news of the first act of aggression at Lexington reached this valley among these mountains, the Sons of Berkshire were on their way to the point of danger. That is matter of history. And it is no less true, that from that moment till the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, there was no day, no hour, no battle fought of any consequence in that great

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struggle for independence, where not only Massachusetts men were not found, but where there were not found also Berkshire men mingling in the fight.

A little incident relating to that bold and fearless attack upon Ticonderoga, I will name to you. The Connecticut Legislature, or some of the dauntless ones there, conceived the idea of surprising Ticonderoga, and they sent up some right men through this region of country to hold consultation as to what plan of arrangements should be fixed upon. They came here to the village of Pittsfield, and in an old house where Willis' store now stands, and where lived the maternal grandfather of my friend at this end of the table, (Dr. Childs,) they held consultation, and there his grandfather James Easton, John Brown, and other faithful men, matured a plan of operations. Some were to go to Jericho, now Hancock, and secure some choice spirits; and before the country knew it, Ticonderoga had surrendered at the demand of Ethan Allen, on an authority which they dare not question. Col. John Brown was a citizen of this town; he went to Quebec and was there with *Benedict Arnold;* while there, with his sacagious eye, he pierced through the covering and discovered the traitor. Before he returned home some difficulty arose between them, and Brown published him as a *coward* and *traitor*. Afterwards his true character was developed. You know the history of John Brown; he sleeps at Stone Arabie, where he fell in that murderous attack of the Indians upon the Mohawk. And he sleeps no there alone; many a Berkshire Boy fell with him. From our lit tle sister town of Lanesborough, three of her sons perished in that bloody conflict; many a Berkshire mother's heart sunk within her at the news of that day's work. Bennington! they were there too; Berkshire was alive when she heard that her neighbors on the north in the Green Mountain State were in danger, and she poured through the gorge of the mountain beyond Williamstown, her brave sons; and many of them were in the fight, and many Berkshire men fell there. That same Lanesborough lost three worthy soldiers in that battle. And so it was, as I said before, they mingled in all the great fights, they flew to every portion of the country where danger bade them. Out of the 69,000 soldiers which Massachusetts furnished to that war, (and that was one-third of the whole number, 220,000, furnished by all the States in the

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American Revolution,) this, our native County, furnished her full proportion. Berkshire men were at the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. I knew a good old man — peace to his ashes! — who was through that whole revolutionary struggle. He was a brave soldier and a true son of Massachusetts; and was as honest and just in peace as he was firm and courageous in war. In that dreadful winter, at Valley Forge, he suffered with his fellow soldiers. The last time I saw him, he gave me the whole history of the battle of Yorktown. He was there during the preceding summer, and discharged many an important and confidential trust confided to him by La Fayette. And I saw that good old man meet in this village his brave and generous old commander. Fifty years had passed since they fought together, the old man had toiled away in his shop at Lanesborough, and when he heard that La Fayette was to be here, his heart beat high with the pulsations of youth, and he said he must see his General once more. He came down and met him under yonder elm, and when he mentioned an incident which served to awaken old associations, they clasped each other and wept like children. His name is David Jewett — a name which has never gone abroad on the wings of Fame, but he was one of those who resembled more the corner stone of the building which the world never sees, than he did some more ornamental but less important part.

And so we went through the Revolution. Well, in the last war, (for I am now talking about the soldiers of Berkshire,) so long as the name of the "Bloody 9th" shall endure, so long the valor of Berkshire soldiers will be borne in mind. We have had an Indian war in Florida, and oh! what a rich and costly sacrifice Berkshire has offered upon that altar. Our own young Lt. Center, from this Pittsfield, fell by a bullet from a Seminole rifle; and our Childs spent some three or four years amidst the bogs of Florida, and almost fatally impaired one of the finest constitutions in the world. During all his course in that most inglorious war, he never did an act of unnecessary cruelty, or was guilty of perfidy towards the hunted Indians of the Florida everglades.

It was said yesterday, my friends, and it is true, that the first Agricultural Society in the United States, was organized in Berkshire. It is now in full and prosperous operation, and there is no class of citizens in this County who have not reaped benefit from it; the

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farmer, the mechanic, the laboring man, and the professional man. Our agriculture is improved, our manufactures are fostered, our mechanical arts benefited, the social feelings have been cultivated and enlarged among all our inhabitants. During the thirty-three years of the existence of this Society, which has been a period of political commotion and excitement unparalelled in the history of this or any other country, there never was a time when politics in any form have been introduced upon either of the days of our Agricultural Fair. Though for the last forty years we have been almost equally divided into political parties, there has been less bitterness of feeling among partisans, and a kinder and more brotherly spirit among our citizens, than in almost every other section of the country. We have shown that "every difference of opinion is not a difference of sentiment."

Here all denominations of religion exist. Who has ever seen among the different persuasions, more harmony and Christian good will prevailing than in this very County of Berkshire?

I was admonished by the Committee that one part of the arrangements is that speeches must be short. We should make the best speeches in the fewest words. I have spoken in a desultory manner; my heart is too full for connected thought, or studied speech. Brothers, we have come together, (and thank Heaven that we have lived to see this happy occasion,) to mingle our feelings and rekindle our affections at this family altar. We have come in the fulness of our joy, to talk to and of one another, to enquire of each others' welfare, to say how we have fared during our long separation. We know that our brothers from abroad bring back good tidings of the counties where they dwell; strangers have shown them kindness. Our hearts have been made glad to hear of their prosperity in every part of this goodly land. The south and the west have dealt kindly with them. During the time I was honored with a seat in the House of Representatives of the United States, I met in every Congress Berkshire men. In one House of Representatives there were eight members who were Sons of Berkshire. Wherever her sons are found, whether in honor or humility, they remember their good old Mother with affection. Well, here we are once more together in the old homestead, amidst all the joyful and endearing associations which have been so touchingly described yesterday and to-day.

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In the freshness of this gushing joy a sad reflection comes over the mind, that this glad Jubilee will be the last that many of us will ever witness. Of the present we are secure, and for its blessings we thank Heaven around this family table. You have come, my friends, to walk in the green meadows over which your boyish feet once ran with the lightness of the roe, to ramble over the pasture where once you lingered after the returning cows—to look into the old well and see its dripping bucket, to gaze upon that old apple tree where you gathered the early fruit, to walk on the banks of the winding stream and stand by the silver pool over which the willow bent and in which you bathed your young limbs, to visit the spot where with your brothers and sisters you gathered the ripe berries—to look upon that old school house where you learned to read and to spell, to write and to cypher, where sometimes you felt the stinging birch—to re-ascend that well remembered rock upon which in mirth and play you spent so many happy hours, to see if it looked and appeared as it used to, to walk once more up the alley of that old church where you first heard the revered and loved Parson preach and pray—and you have come to visit the peaceful graveyard, to walk among its green mounds and drop the tear of affection and friendship upon the silent resting place of loved ones who sleep there. You have come here to rekindle at this domestic fireside the holy feelings of youth. To all these we bid you welcome! Welcome to these green vallies and lofty mountains. Welcome to this feast, to our homes, to our hearts. Welcome to every thing. Once more I say, welcome!

I give you for a sentiment,

The County of Berkshire—She loves her institutions and her beautiful scenery, but feeling the sentiment and borrowing the language of the Roman mother, she points to her children and exclaims, "These are my Jewels."

I call upon brother Bidwell, a true Son of Berkshire, for a speech or a sentiment, or both.

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Hon. Marshal S. Bidwell of New-York, then took the stand, and spoke nearly as follows:

My Friends! In taking this position, in compliance with the request of friends by whom I am surrounded, I do so chiefly for the sake of setting a good example, which I hope may be followed by others who shall be called upon to succeed me. I have not come here prepared to make any speech. I have come here simply to enjoy one of the dearest wishes of my heart — that of revisiting, after a long absence, and with interruptions, after an absence of many, many years in a foreign land, the scenes and the friends of my childhood. I come, I know, with the same sentiments and feelings which are experienced by the thousands around me; and it does rejoice my heart to stand here, as His Excellency our honored President has said, a Son of Berkshire. It is the proudest title to which I have ever aspired, and I cannot tell you how I have been gratified at coming back again amid these beautiful hills and valleys, and this now auspicious sky, and re-breathing that air, which is so well calculated to give an impulse to the sentiments and feelings that are cherished by every one who loves human liberty and human happiness, under a government of laws.

I have told you I have not come here to make a speech, and I intend to verify what I have said, by simply offering in place of it, a sentiment felt, I am persuaded, by every son and daughter of Berkshire here present—

The scenes and friends of our childhood!

Where is there a person whose heart does not beat quicker in the midst of such hallowed associations. The love of our native place is the universal law of nature. It is a law which is felt and obeyed, even by the inanimate world. The lofty and stately palm, which flourishes amid the burning sands of the tropics, is withered when transplanted to the frigid zone; and the moss which displays in such beauty and such microscopic wonder the powers of he Almighty Creator in the northern regions, cannot exist when transplanted to the midst of tropical suns. And so it is with every order of animate nature. The eagle loves its solitary nest, because it is his native home; and all animals, even the ferocious beasts of prey, in the deserts of Africa, love them, because they are their native home. But how much more powerfully is this

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sentiment felt by man, gifted with reason, and capable of enjoyment in the highest degree of the noble and social affections! How does he love the scenes of his childhood! and that universally, no matter where his lot be cast; he loves it because it is his native place. But with how much more force, should this sentiment be felt in our hearts, blessed with such a home, and such native scenes, and such glorious and kindling associations connected with them, when we recur to them, not because of the luxurious display of the fine arts, not because they are scenes of glory in the estimation of the warrior, with his "garments rolled in blood," but because they are so beautiful and so picturesque, and because the simple and stern virtues, have brought together such a family as we witness here this day, where order and decorum are associated in so high a degree with social enjoyment, and with the display which we have had yesterday and to-day of intellectual worth. I am therefore sure, my friends, when I propose this sentiment, it will find a ready echo, in all these bosoms around me.

One of the most gratifying things connected with this Jubilee, is, that it has power almost (I speak it with no spirit of levity, much less of profanity,) of working miracles. It brings back the old forms of the lamented, who have preceded us to the world of spirits. It raises the dead. It is not you, my friends, beloved and honored, whom I see here, by whom alone I am surrounded. No: there are glorious forms around me; dear and loved ones on every side are springing up, as if by magic, in the midst of all these scenes in which we now associate. Those who were the friends of our childhood, the fathers whom we revered, how can we see them again breathing as it were around us, and blessing us for a time at least by their revered presence. Brethren, sisters, dear friends whom we have cherished in our hearts, are here not forgotten in our Jubilee. They cannot sit down at our table with us, but thanks be to God, we can from the bosoms where they have long dwelt, revive them here, and see them in all their attraction, beauty and blessedness. I therefore conclude, Mr. President, by repeating the sentiment,

The friends and the scenes of our childhood!

Sentiment by Drake Mills, Esq., of New-York:

Old Berkshire—Her fair fame, a passport for her sons wherever they go—her principles, a guarantee of success whatever they do.

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The President announced that a poem would now be delivered by Dr. Holmes of Boston.

Dr. Oliver W. Holmes rose in his place, but was greeted with cries from various parts of the audience, to come to the centre of the ground, so as to be heard by all. The President said—And I suggest to the gentleman to follow the example of our good friend who preceded him, and get *upon* the table, which is an advancement upon former feasts, where the tendency was rather to get *under* the table. (Cheers.)

Dr. Holmes accordingly took the *table* and requested to be allowed before he opened the very brief paper in his hand, to assure his friends of the reason why he had found himself here. It shall be short, (said he,) but inasmuch as the company express willingness to hear historical incidents, any little incident which shall connect me with those to whom I cannot claim to be a brother, seems to be fairly brought forward. I will take the liberty to refer to one. One of my earliest recollections is of an annual pilgrimage, made by my parents to the west. The young horse was brought up, fatted by a week's rest and high feeding, prancing and caracoling to the door. It came to the corner and was soon over the western hills. He was gone a fortnight; and one afternoon—it always seemed to me it was a sunny afternoon—we saw an equipage crawling from the west, towards the old homestead; the young horse who sat out fat and prancing, worn thin and reduced by a long journey—the chaise covered with dust, and all speaking of a terrible crusade, a formidable pilgrimage. Winter evening stories told me where—to Berkshire, to the borders of New-York, to the old domain, owned so long that there seemed a kind of hereditary love for it. Many years passed away, and I travelled down the beautiful Rhine: I wished to see the equally beautiful Hudson. I found myself at Albany; a few hours ride brought me to Pittsfield, and I went to the little spot, the scene of this pilgrimage—a mansion—and found it surrounded by a beautiful meadow, through which the winding river made its course in ten thousand fantastic curves; the mountains reared their heads around it, the blue air which makes our city pale cheeks again to deepen with the hue of health, coursing about it pure and free. I recognized it as the scene of the annual pilgrimage. Since that I have made an annual visit to it.

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In 1735, Hon. Jacob Wendall, my grandfather in the maternal line, bought a township not then laid out—the township of Pontoosuc—and that little spot which we still hold, is the relic of 24,000 acres of baronial territory. When I say this, no feeling which can be the subject of ridicule animates my bosom. I know too well, that the hills and rocks outlast our families; I know we fall upon the places we claim as the leaves of the forest fall, and as passed the soil from the hands of the original occupants into the hands of my immediate ancestors, I know it must pass from me and mine; and yet with pleasure and pride I feel I can take every inhabitant by the hand, and say, if I am not a son, or a grandson, or even a nephew of that fair County, at least I am allied to it by an hereditary relation. But I have no right to indulge in sentimental remarks. (Cries of "go on, go on.")

Dr. Holmes read the poem as follows, which was received with continued and hearty cheers.

Come back to your Mother, ye children, for shame,
Who have wandered like truants, for riches or fame!
With a smile on her face and a sprig on her cap,
She calls you to feast from her bountiful lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts and your lanes,
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of our plains:
Take a whiff from our fields, and your excellent wives
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk if you please,
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a cheese,
And leave "the old lady, that never tells lies,"
To sleep with her handkerchief over her eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac line;
While you shut up your turnpike, your neighbors can go,
The old roundabout road to the regions below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of pens,
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and tens;
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you still
As a featherless biped, in spite of your quill.

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Poor drudge of the city, how happy he feels
With the burs on his legs, and the grass at his heels;
No *dodger* behind, his bandanas to share,
No constable grumbling "You mus'nt walk there."

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,
He slaps a musketo and brushes a tear;
The dew-drops hang round him, on blossoms and shoots,
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by the old church;
That tree at its side had the flavor of birch;
Oh sweet were the days of his juvenile tricks,
Though the prairie of youth had so many "big licks."

By the side of yon river he weeps and he slumps,
The boots filled with water, as if they were pumps;
Till sated with rapture, he steals to his bed,
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his head.

'Tis past—he is dreaming—I see him again;
His ledger returns as by legerdemain;
His neck-cloth is damp, with an easterly flaw,
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus straw.

He dreams the shrill gust is a blossomy gale,
That the straw is a rose from his dear native vale;
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of time,
"A. 1. Extra-super—Ah, is'nt it PRIME!"

Oh! what are the prizes we perish to win,
To the first little "shiner" we caught with a pin!
No soil upon earth is as dear to our eyes
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial pies!

Then come from all parties, and parts, to our feast,
Though not at the "Astor," we'll give you at least
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,
And the best of cold—water—at nothing a glass.

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Judge DEWEY was introduced to the meeting, and said—

Mr. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN AND LADIES — I come from the eastern portion of the circle represented here, in obedience to a notice which has been circulated by the gentlemen originally, as I understand, from the city of New-York; and the first thing that occurred to me, was how it happened gentlemen from New-York were coming here to take possession of this fair soil of ours. Surely, gentlemen, the time was, when such an array of enemy, official or unofficial, coming into this fair valley of the Housatonic by virtue of their rights under the Dutch, would not have been tolerated: and the only reason why we are now satisfied is, that * *

Come to scrutinize these names a little closely, I found them all kin of ours, come here not to drive us from this plain possession of ours, but as friends to take us by the hand — and as friends we take them by the hand. I am grateful for the invitation; I think it was done up in the best manner. I have received for the coming week, the 28th August, in the town of Framingham, a notice wherein are requested all the descendants of one Richard Haven to a general gathering, and in this invitation are included all the descendants in any way connected with him by marriage, and all who ever *expected to be!* (Laughter.) Now, my friends from New-York, you have not done this thing well! here you find an improvement upon you. (Laughter.) Judge Dewey stated that he was not a native of Berkshire, but of Hampshire; but alluding to the fact that in 1761, the former was a part of the latter County, and that he had spent so large a portion of his life here, said he felt that he was a native of Berkshire.

This is a joyous occasion, (said he,) a happy family, and it is delightful to come here from all parts of our common country and mingle together, and take by the hand the friends of our early days, and here again to pledge anew our devotion to their interests and to the common interests of our common country. To this County my early associations have ever closely and warmly attached; from this County I have received much to fill my heart with gratitude, and I always turn to it as to the happy spot on which I would rest my eyes as the last resting place of those friends of my early days, near and dear to me, who have gone before me. On the present occasion we come back glorying, not in

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the spirit of vain boasting, I hope, but glorying when we see how great have been the productions of this County of every kind, whether in agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, and in intellectual acquisitions. In the learned professions we turn with proud satisfaction to Berkshire, and find we have sent forth more, far more than our adequate proportion of the population of this country.

Permit me, Mr. President, for a moment to refer to what Berkshire has done in relation to filling judicial stations. You have furnished, are you aware of it? a Judge for Pennsylvania, long honored and respected there, and now in office; a Judge for Michigan; a Chief Justice for New-York, and one for Queen's Bench at Montreal. We have furnished those who have occupied seats in Congress to a very great number, as was mentioned by our honored President, eight at one time. There are no less than five from Williamstown, native and reared in our town, who have been honored by this public station before the country, and who have sustained themselves ably and faithfully.

You have not only those great natural objects and the endearing associations connected with them in which you may glory, but you may glory in these inhabitants. Look at the interest they have in schools, in colleges, in the great works of improvement, and at the zeal and devotion with which they labor for the good of mankind. When I look at all these things, I come back here with pleasure to acknowledge that this is the County in which, not where I drew my native breath, but where I received my early education and principles, and whatever may have fitted me for usefulness in the station I now occupy; and I have only time now to say to you that my ardent prayer is, that rich as this County is in the beauty of its scenery, in the variety and value of its natural productions, in its mechanic arts, in its agriculture and manufactures, long may it be rich in the love of civil and religious liberty, long may here endure the great principles which we have derived from our Puritan fathers, purifying and protecting us to the latest generations.

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Sentiment by Thos. Allen, of St. Louis, Mo.:

The Natives of Berkshire—

"They love their land, because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his majesty;
A stubborn race, fearing and flattering none."

Hon. John Mills.

Mr. President — The Sons of Berkshire who hail from my native place, the town of Sandisfield, have conferred upon me the honor of saying a few words in their name on this occasion.

That town cannot boast of its fertile and extended vallies, like those through which meanders the beautiful Housatonic, nor has it any thing so grand and imposing in its scenery, as to excite the special admiration of the passing stranger. It has enough, however, of natural scenery, of mountain, stream and valley, to be kept in lively recollection by all, who in their early years "run upon its hills, or waded in its mountain streams from morning sun till dine." In reference to those now resident there, I shall suppress all feelings of personal friendship, and only say, that we claim for them an intelligence and moral worth equal to that which distinguishes the population of the other portions of your County. The emigrants from that town are numerous, and are dispersed through most of the States of the Union. Most of them are engaged in agriculture — many of them have "names well known on change" as enterprising and successful merchants — a few only, are of the legal or medical profession, but a large number are clergymen — all of respectable, and some of them of high standing in their profession.

We all feel, Mr. President, that "it is good for us to be here." Pleasant has been the interchange of civilities and congratulations. Pleasant the participation in the refined hospitality of the citizens of this delightful village. But a more enduring good will result from this meeting. Our good resolutions are here strengthened and confirmed, and we shall return to our respective homes and stations in society, stimulated with the firm resolve, that whatever influence we possess shall be devoted to promote and advance the best interests of the community in which we reside.

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If ever there can be a public occasion, when the undisguised language of the heart should be freely uttered and kindly received, this surely may be regarded as such. As one of the members congregated around the family hearth, I will not fear that the indulgence I may give to my thoughts will here encounter either ridicule or frigid criticism. Electing you, sir, and this respectable audience my confessors on the occasion, I intend, therefore, in all that relates to Berkshire or Sandisfield, connected with my own feelings, to "make a clean breast of it."

We all feel love for our common country — a stronger attachment for our native State and County, and stronger still for the particular locality where we were born. But it is not, I believe, till life is considerably advanced, that we feel any particular solicitude as to the place *where* it may terminate; and I doubt whether those who have the good fortune to spend their days where they were born, are conscious of the true cause that gives the charm to that locality. If there be in this village one who was here born, and has here passed his days, — one who has survived the friends and companions of his youth, he will tell you, that the remnant of life can more happily be spent here than elsewhere, and would probably assign as the reason, that here are the graves of his fathers, and here too he desires to make his own. But remove him permanently to some other section of the country, and he would soon be sensible of another cause for this local preference. The place to which which we may suppose him removed, might have charms, if possible, superior to your village. From his window or in his walks, the most delightful scenery should be presented to his view, and he should be able fully to appreciate its beauties; still there would be something wanting — the eye would no where rest on certain well known objects of inanimate nature, intimately entwined with his earliest impressions. "Where, (he would exclaim,) where is the *great elm* around whose trunk, and in the shade of whose branches I gamboled with my youthful companions sixty years ago? Where the beautiful curve-crested mountain range in the west? The higher elevation at the north, and those in the east? Elevations on which I gazed with admiring wonder before my tongue was able to articulate their names. Elevations, the view and contemplation of which gave the first impress of grandeur and sublimity to my imagination." Such

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would be the language of his heart, and could you place the Alps or the Pyrenees in position most favorable for effect upon his vision, they would be inadequate substitutes for those I have named, — "the form and size" of which, with their garniture of light and shade, would be blended with, and in fact constitute a part of his moral existence.

May I be indulged in bringing the subject home to myself?

It is now more than thirty years since I left my native town. Driven out — mercifully driven out by "poverty like a strong man armed," to seek my fortunes elsewhere. Of my sojourn, it is sufficient for my present purpose to say, that for the last eight years my home has been in a pleasant town on the banks of the Connecticut. If during the first twenty-five years of the period named, it had at any time been proposed that I should return to Sandisfield, and there spend the residue of my days, the proposition would have been extremely repugnant to my inclination. But recently a change in that respect has "come over the spirit of my dream." Now it is, that when I go upon the elevations east of our village, and stop to admire, as I always do, the beautiful panorama spread before me, embracing the Connecticut and the valley of the Agawam also, and my imagination aiding my natural vision, gives me a view of the towns, and villages, and cities on either side that river, from its source to its mouth, I cannot but feel grateful and happy that my lot is cast in that delightful valley. And yet sir, I never leave the spot without turning my eyes to the mountain range constituting the boundary between Berkshire and Hampden, and reflecting with no ordinary emotion, that further to the west, on the same mountain range, is the place of my nativity. It may appear strange, that one thus situated, who, as his wants are few and limited, has nothing to desire but that the residue of his days may be as happy as those that are past, should be willing to make his home in a place where winter never fails to "linger in the lap of spring." But, sir, it is in the season when "winter holds her undisputed reign," that the feelings I am endeavoring to describe, return upon me most forcibly. I have no difficulty, Mr. President, in accounting for that strong attachment which the Laplander is said to manifest for his country, although it has apparently nothing to recommend it but its fields of ice and mountains of snow. For who that was born and

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bred upon the mountains, can efface from his memory, or would do so were it possible, the impressions of awe and sublimity produced by witnessing the progress or listening to the raving snow storms of winter? Hence it is, that in a winter's night, when the tempest which sweeps with wild fury over the western mountains, descends upon our valley with mitigated violence, my thoughts wander up those mountains "to the scenes and the home of my childhood." Then follow the reminiscences of the first twenty years of my existence, with the vivid impressions of "time, place and circumstance." These, clustering thick and fast upon the memory, invariably excite the desire, that as life *there* commenced, *there* too should be the scene of its termination.

But I will pursue this train of thought no further, as it may not meet the slightest response from any other heart. Yet I fancy, that when my younger friends, now eager in the pursuit of the glittering objects before them, shall in a few years more relinquish the chase as hopeless or vain, or having grasped the objects desired, find them but ashes or bubbles, and when their thoughts shall be turned into the channel of retrospection, they may then find, springing up in their own bosoms, feelings similar to those I have attempted to delineate.

In conclusion, may I venture to give a word of advice to our friends who are permanent residents in the County?

My friends, be happy and contented *where you are*, and not sever the connection with your native or adopted County, without strong and imperative necessity for the act. Dream not of removing to the west, or to any other point of the compass, nor listen for a moment to those occasional whisperings of avarice, that by disposing of your possessions here, and purchasing lands in the new states or territories, you will promote the interests of your children.

In regard to the great responsibilities resting upon you, as permanent citizens of the County, nothing need be said, as the *present* and the *past* give reasonable assurance for the *future*. The moral influence of your example we doubt not will so tell upon the present, and indirectly upon succeeding generations, that when our descendants, soon to be scattered over this vast country, shall hereafter visit these pleasant vallies, and the no less delightful hills and monntains of Berkshire, they may be welcomed *then*, as we are *now*, by an intelligent, moral and happy community.

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Sentiment by C. B. Gold, of Buffalo—

A kind remembrance of the Sons and Daughters of Berkshire, providentially detained from our Jubilee.

Sentiment by Reuel Smith, of New-York—

Old Berkshire—With her green hills and smiling vallies—Distinguished alike for her free and liberal institutions, her intelligent, free and independent citizens—Her Pilgrim Sons have abundant cause to rise up and call her blessed.

Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., of New-York, was called on by the President, and rose in his place, but numerous and urgent calls brought him to the table in the centre.

This, for a free country, (said he,) is what I call rather despotic, not only to insist that a man shall talk, but to assign even the place which he shall occupy. I had really hoped, where there are so many refulgent luminaries, to be permitted to twinkle in obscurity; but although I had not very well considered the subject, a man must have in his bosom, not a heart, but an iceberg, if he finds nothing to utter on an occasion like this. This seems very much more than a Berkshire Jubilee — great as it would be in that respect. This body of men are but a delegation of that vast family which New England has sent forth to people the west, emblematic of that more than royal progress which the sons of New England are making now towards the Pacific. These representatives here of other lands, of other portions of our country — we might call on them to tell how they have fulfilled the trust reposed in them — whether they have preserved those great principles of order, law, and civilization which came in the sacred casket of the May Flower. Mr. President, you no doubt are as firm a foe to any hereditary privileges, as I can be. You, no doubt, agree with the poet, when he says,

> " Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
> From yon blue heaven above us bent,
> The gardener Adam, and his wife,
> Smile at the claims of long descent."

But, no doubt, you are enough of a farmer to believe in the value of stock — in the value of breed, and you are no true son of

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Massachusetts, if you do not prize as you ought the breed to which you belong. I am not a son of this County. Dear as my attachment to it is, happy and proud as I am always among those who are so well called "The mountain men of Berkshire," by what Lord Thurlow calls "the accident of an accident," I was born among the Knickerbockers — at that great city rising with so much rapidity at the mouth of the Hudson. I hope then to be allowed, (and under these circumstances I hope to have the credit of impartiality,) to say a very few words concerning what this Country owes to Massachusetts, and to her Capital. Here, standing upon this soil, among a people happy, more happy perchance than themselves are aware, in that blessed equality upon which all our institutions rest — here, the idea of a Republic is safe, guarded by religion, by law, and by that same equality. While, sir, the people of New England remain, while their institutions last, our liberty and our Union are as firm as Saddle Mountain. And how much do we all owe to that great Capital at the end of the State, which seems in some extraordinary manner to have preserved the purity of country morals; whose merchants, far above the merchant princes, not only support their own institutions with unrivalled magnificence, but lend their money with a gallantry belonging to another profession, to other enterprises. This rail-road, of which you have just heard the whistle, and which, in the vastness of the natural impediments surmounted, is superior to any of the similar works of New England — this rail-road, owes its existence to the gallant liberality of the merchants of Boston. That little city, third or fourth in size, possesses institutions which stand without a rival in the country. After a further reference to the enterprise, and to the intellectual and moral advancement of the citizens of Boston, Mr. Sedgwick remarked, that he was aware he had spoken of New England in somewhat a peculiar position, he knew he was before the eyes, almost under the eye, he might say, of one of the most intelligent sons of Old England, (Mr. Macready.) He had also in his eye a formidable Dutchman, (Mr. Colden,) in whose bosom he somewhat feared there might be some rankling at the praises he had attempted to bestow upon New England. He was aware that he had been so inadequate in the treatment of his theme, that his audience would need to excuse him, and he therefore gave:

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The stock of New England—It is the stock of Old England, their virtue, their intelligence, with equality added.

The President remarked that as this family intended fair play, and as the gentleman who had last spoken had alluded to the gentleman from Old England, (Mr. Macready,) they would be glad to hear from him in his own defence.

Mr. Macready then came forward and took his place upon the stand, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen — I could almost say brothers, though not of Berkshire—for I can assure you the heart of an Englishman — of those who carry with them intelligence and proper feelings, beats as warmly towards their kindred, towards this country, and towards its institutions, as the best American could possibly desire. I am taken wholly unawares. The delight I have felt in all I have seen in making, I may say, the circuit of your beautiful and great country, has brought me here to see at a social meeting, that spirit carried out which I have viewed through your institutions, forensic and commercial. I really cannot pretend to make a speech to you. I will only in reference to the feelings of brotherhood, which, believe me, exist in the bosoms of Englishmen, (and I would that I had the power of eloquence to dispossess from those minds who doubt it, the idea of anything hostile existing in England towards the prosperity and growth of this country,) if you will allow me, recite in place of the few unconnected, and perhaps almost unintelligible words I might utter, a very short poem which will express to you what I myself feel in common with so many of my own countrymen. It is a little fable, and though of Eastern, of Arabian origin, it speaks to the hearts of many — I hope of all—

Abon Bed Adhem, (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised his head,

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And in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord!"
"And is mine one?" said Ben Adhem. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheerly still; "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The Angel rose and vanished. The next night
He came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest;
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!*

Mr. Colden, of New-York, being next called upon by the President, expressed the happiness with which he should respond to the appeal that had been made by his friend, (Mr. Sedgwick,) but asked to be excused on account of a hoarseness, which he said rendered it impossible to do justice to his own feelings, or to the occasion. If, however, he might be permitted to express one sentiment before he sat down, it would be: The patrimony which you are now in possession of, is one which I, as a descendant of the Dutch, believe I have a rightful claim to. I hope and I trust, from what I have for these two days seen, from what I have seen before, and from what I feel, from what my friend on my right has felt, and from what every witness of this brilliant, this soul-cheering spectacle must feel — that it is impossible that the patrimony of the Dutch can degenerate in the hands of the Berkshire breed.

Without attempting any farther expression of my feelings, I give you the toast which I received this morning from a gentleman in Stockbridge, and which I was deputed to deliver to this meeting—

The banks and braes and bonny *Briggs* of Berkshire.

* The Committee have received divers hints and criticisms as to the Theology of this beautiful piece of poetry, as well as a multitude of good advice in relation to what should or should not be inserted in this book. As to the objection—that this fable makes the love of men of as much value as love to the Supreme God,—we feel its full force; and while we would not, of course, send men to Leigh Hunt to study Theology, yet surely we may admire what is beautiful, and not contract Berkshire hospitality by excluding that which made a real and an admired part of the occasion. Then as to the matter inserted or excluded from this work, few can have any idea of the difficulties attending the compilation. They have only to say, that all things considered, they have done the best they could, and if their readers do not admire their judgment, it is hoped they will their decision.

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Sentiment by Dr. Goodrich, of Brooklyn, N. Y.—

Old Berkshire—Our honored Mother; while she welcomes us, we will embrace her; while she cherishes, we will love her; and this day's welcome and this day's joyousness, shall but rivet the chain that binds us to her forever.

Sentiment by President Humphrey, of Amherst College—

Berkshire—A good County to go *from;* but a better one to return *to.*

Sentiment by Josiah Quincy, Esq., of New Hampshire—

The Children of Berkshire resident in the Granite State, to the home and friends of their early days—From the sternness and sublimity of their mountain fastnesses, they turn with new delight to the softer scenery and more fertile vallies of their birth place, thank God for its faithful hearts, and pray that its household fires may burn on brightly forever.

David D. Field, Esq., of New-York, was called upon and addressed the meeting.

Mr. President and Friends—I did not come here, I assure you, expecting to be called upon to make a speech, and I am not prepared to make a speech. I can only say to you a few words from the fulness of my heart. When we came here this morning—indeed when we arrived yesterday, I believe all felt that if it rained it would be a great misfortune—that a cloudy day would not do for the Berkshire Jubilee. Well, it came with clouds, but there was not a cloud upon our hearts: it has all been sunshine there. We have been into it, and now that you have been greeted by Berkshire, the sky has cleared away, and the sun has come out upon the old hills as bright as you ever saw it in your boyhood. Can you ask for more? Why should we be afraid of clouds? Do we not know—those of us who were educated here, how often we have trudged to school and from school through storm, and wind, and sleet, and snow. Well, we went on, and did not regard it; we got home, and found a cheerful fireside; we found the next day bright, and went on our way rejoic-

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ing. So it has been with us here, and so, I trust, it will always be. Those clouds have gone; those of you who are from a distance, and who have not yet seen your old County, will see it soon in its freshest and most gorgeous beauties. The clouds are rising from the valley, and before the morrow they will pass from the mountain, and you will see those mountain tops in all their old beauty, as they greeted you in your early days. My friends, look about you, see what you have — what you have come to enjoy. How much is there changed! The great features of nature are here so much more enduring than any thing man can make, that notwithstanding man has been at work here for a hundred years, nature remains the same, and the great features of the County are not changed. If the old missionary who came first into this valley, one hundred and seventeen years ago, could now look into it, he would know the spot from the old landmarks which nature has made, and which man cannot obliterate.

As I have before remarked, I desire to present you with a sentiment, and a sentiment to which I beg leave to make a few preparatory remarks. I have often thought it was a peculiar privilege of those who had gone from Berkshire, to have gone young men. It has so happened — happened from the features of the County, from our own position, that most of us who emigrated from this County, went away in early manhood. This I conceive to have been a great advantage. I conceive it gives us not only familiarity with this most excellent scenery, but it gives us the impression which we could not have got in many other parts of the country, of the sort of society which is peculiarly the product of American institutions. If I were to point out to a foreigner any where in this country, an example of a community whose social law and beauty were what I should say should be the production of American institutions, I should point out the County of Berkshire. It is around us — it is at our feet — it is the spectacle of that social equality without rudeness, accompanied by refinement such as I apprehend few parts of this country can show.

Fellow-citizens — young men living in such a community, with such influences of scenery and of social law — can it be otherwise than that all of us should have gone away, deeply impressed with the scenes which we have left, and that we should carry them with us as long as our hearts continue to beat? Yes, you may

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take the prattling boy in the earliest years of his life—take him from your mountains and send him where you please, send him to the sunny south, send him to the farthest mountain, to the circle of civilization, plant him in the most remote island, and I will undertake to say, that ever, so long as he lives, will he cherish among the first recollections of his heart, what he remembers of his natal soil, and the circumstances of his boyhood. Yes: and if nature retains her own, he will totter to his grave with the recollection fastened upon him of what he has seen and known here—and if ever there come more serious moments over him, he will recollect

> "——the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,
> And the remembered chambers, and the place,
> The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
> All things pertaining to that place, and hour,"

and he will go down to the grave with little upon his heart so deeply engraved as the recollection of his early life in the valley of the Housatonic.

My friends, I have said already more than I intended, and therefore I will sit down with offering you my sentiment, only observing that we come back—those of us who have gone out in exile, to look upon that which our eyes behold, and which many of us thought we should never behold again—we come back with feelings partly of joy, and partly of sorrow, for there are sad recollections as well as joyous ones. The air, methinks, whispers the voice of our kindred, and their spirit seems to beam upon us in the holy light of these hills. My friends, I offer you this sentiment—

The Children of Berkshire—They have only to be steadfast in the principles into which they were born. (Cheers.)

Professor Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y.

I rise, Mr. President, as a son of Berkshire, a descendant of the earliest settlers of the County. I have been imbued from my earliest days with the principles of our Puritan ancestors. I was taught to honor by my works, our lineage. When the children of the family, with which it is my honor to have become connected, heard the call for the Sons and Daughters of Berkshire, to return

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and keep with you the Jubilee, they began by their action to prove that they still love the scenes of their earlier days, these mountains and vallies; and these ten children, with their parents, have met on this Jubilee, and with their husbands and wives, to greet you to-day.

Of those who have gone out from your County, Mr. President, there are two classes. The first emigrated in their childhood or youth, and have made their homes in other lands. They come back to enjoy the luxuriance of your County in the homes of their fathers; but, if it is natural for men to be attached to *their homes*, as has been so often asserted, their attachments are in other vallies, beside other streams, and amid other scenery. They return to rejoice with you on this occasion, but with very different feelings from those who emigrated in the middle of life. These form the second class; and while they may have found themselves happily surrounded with new friends, they look on these hills and vallies as their *home*, and as having become in their eyes more beautiful than ever before. Here they were educated to the admiration of this mountain scenery; here their tastes and views were formed. As they have seen some slow meandering stream making its dull way along the plain, they have said, as I heard a true daughter of Berkshire far in the west say, as she looked on such a rivulet, and thought of her home in these hills, *this is not the streamlet, such are not the stones and pebbles of New England.* Yes, sir, these emigrants love their old home more than ever, and some of them perhaps hope to return under some fortunate change of circumstances, and place themselves again in this land of their nativity. Is it true that it is natural for men to love their homes? and is this the case with the men of England, of France, of Switzerland, and even of Lapland? There is something besides scenery and place, which lies at the foundation of this love. It is not the *place* of our birth, its mountains, rivers, external scenery. Much as I have loved, and still love, all these scenes, so splendidly presented before us, I ask, sir, is it these that have made New England what she is — that have made Berkshire what she is — that have spread over the land such a noble people? Go to the Plymouth Rock and look at those Pilgrim Fathers: did they not bring in the May Flower all that has ennobled our land, before they had seen these hills and vallies — those elements, which have made

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our fathers and mothers, daughters and sons, wives and husbands, the glory of our land? The physical system may be hardened and strengthened by the influence of scenery and climate, but there must be a mightier power, a more potent principle to operate, or you can never make *men*, never can make *New England men*, can never make such sons and daughters as are the glory of Berkshire. But give to a man the elements of knowledge of *himself*—let him know that he has a mind and heart and soul—that he has been created to equal rights and privileges with his fellows; let him know and feel his responsibility to God and man—instil into him moral and civil and religious principles—and you have the elements of freedom and greatness. These elements, if they can find room to expand, will ennoble man everywhere.

What mountain scenery made Franklin what he was? or made Washington the "Father of his country?" What mountain air inspired the spirit of Patrick Henry? Passing still farther to the sunny south, the Marions, the Sumpters, and the thousand names dear and glorious, possessed of the spirit of New England in their day, not originated by mountains and lakes and streams, but based on principles purer and more glorious. These it is, that distinguished New England—that distinguished the Sons of this County, and these are the elements which are to be preserved and expanded and extended, till they shall have free course over the land and the world. While politicians foretell disunion and change of government, and all the consequences they delight to portray when their own party shall not be predominant in the land; my common sense enquires, what other government than that of freemen could exist in New England, and probably over our land? We *must* be republicans. Possessed of equal rights as we are, we can be no other; and more mighty must be that scourge of God which must pass over our land, than has ever swept over any people, before any other government—before any other principles than those in which we have been cradled, which we celebrate today, and which are our glory, can prevail among us. Washington! he could not but have been a patriot, when he had once entered on the career of liberty. The glitter of a crown must have been spurned. The country was too full of noble spirits. Could he have removed those around him, the whole country, hill and

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dale, would have teemed with myriads more. The principles of our Puritan Fathers had become the life-blood of the land.

It is one of the early and late corruptions of our religion, Mr. President, to maintain that man is man only by divine right; that it is the *jus divinum* that makes kings and nobility, and fastens upon the necks of the people the yoke which presses upon them. Now the great principle which we have been carrying out in all our free institutions is, that the *jus divinum* makes every man by nature a freeman, and endows him with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Let this divine right be maintained and extended, and the glory which rests upon us will roll onward, westward and eastward, northward and southward, over our world, and the world will be blest. Long before another Jubilee shall come, I shall have passed to the grave; and the desire of my heart, which I now leave with you, is, that of the thousands which greet us to-day, each one may find himself, as God calls him from these loved scenes, passing away to a home in a brighter and better world.

A song was here sung by several young men, with preat power and appropriate expression—

Far away, o'er the mountains,
Far away, o'er the mountains,
Far away, o'er the mountains,
  From our own pleasant home;
Drawn by ties which never
Aught on earth can sever,
Binding closer ever,
  To old Berkshire we have come.

Long time ago we parted,
In life we had just started,
Young, strong, and ruddy-hearted,
  From our old Berkshire home;
Every one a brother,
Son's of one kind mother,
Ne'er was such another,
  Now to greet her we have come.

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Aye true to our relation,
Through the whole of the nation,
We've follow'd our vocation,
And we now homeward come;
Over lands and oceans,
Pedling Yankee notions,
Morals, law, and lotions,
Of our ancient Berkshire home.

Oft fortune was untoward,
Oft darkest storms have lowered,
But we have never cowered,
True sons of Berkshire home;
Evil ever chiding,
Over trouble striding,
By our faith abiding,
Welcome us, as back we come.

Then earnest be our greeting!
Then pleasant be our meeting!
For though old time is fleeting,
And distant we must roam;
For all stormy weather,
Courage we must gather,
Since we are together,
In our ancient Berkshire home.

Now three cheers altogether,
Shout Berkshire's children ever,
Yankee hearts none can sever,
In old "Massachusetts Bay;"
Like our sires before us,
We will swell the chorus,
Till the Heavens o'er us
Shall rebound the loud huzza,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah.

The President next read the following tribute to the memory of Dr. Channing, by a lady of Berkshire :

It is a circumstance in the history of Berkshire, which should

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not be forgotten on this occasion, that one of the best and greatest men our country has produced, spent the last months of his life here, and that he delivered to a Berkshire audience his last public address. Our climate and our beautiful scenery contributed greatly to his health, and to his enjoyment. He loved our hills and vallies, our streams and lakes. Their beauty gladdened his soul, and helped to swell the anthem which it sent up perpetually to the Creator, not altogether in secret, for its music was written on his countenance. He rejoiced greatly in the thrift, the well-being, moral and physical, of our people. To him every man was a indeed a brother, and to Berkshire men and Berkshire women, he had that nearer feeling which residence gives toward a people among whom one's lot is cast even for a short period. It was his own proposal to deliver an address in Lenox, upon the first of August, 1842. He thought it fitting to commemorate that anniversary, and he believed that the voice of rejoicing over the proclamation of freedom to the captive, would find an echo among our hills. No one who heard him will forget that day, that bright clear day, and the pleasant assembling together of a people who appreciated the occasion and the man; whose eyes were fastened with delight from the beginning to the end of a long discourse, upon that countenance so full of the inspiration of faith, hope and charity; whose ears drank in every tone of that voice, uttering what proved to be its death-song, in strains as earnest, eloquent and touching, as if he had known it to be his last. "It is finished," might aptly have been its concluding words; it was the last beautiful act of a most beautiful and useful public life—and the last utterance of all, was an invocation for the coming of that kingdom, the spread of which the speaker had so faithfully labored to promote.

There is one passage in that discourse, which the people of Berkshire should often recal. It is as follows: "Men of Berkshire! whose nerves and souls the mountain air has braced, you surely will respond to him who speaks of the blessings of freedom, and the misery of bondage. I feel as if the feeble voice which now addresses you, must find an echo in these forest-crowned heights. Do they not impart something of their own power and loftiness to men's souls? Should our Commonwealth ever be invaded by victorious armies, Freedom's last asylum would be here.

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Here may a free spirit, may reverence for all human rights, may sympathy for all the oppressed, may a stern, solemn purpose, to give no sanction to oppression, take stronger and stronger possession of men's minds, and from these mountains may generous impulses spread far and wide!" God grant that this appeal, made by a voice now hushed in death, may meet a perpetual response in the hearts of our people, from generation to generation, while time shall endure! May they not be satisfied with the distinction of being natives of Berkshire, but strive in whatever clime, under whatever circumstances they may be placed, to wear always the Berkshire badge — Industry, Uprightness, Humanity.

Allow me, Mr. President, to propose the following sentiment—

The Memory of Dr. Channing—May the Sons of Berkshire never be found wanting, when weighed in the balance which he so trustingly held up for them.

Sentiment by the Rev. J. C. Brigham, D.D., of New-York—

In this County, I am happy to say, I was born, and here received my collegiate education. Since entering professional life, circumstances have led me to visit in person all the States of our Union, with two exceptions, as well as the several Spanish Republics, and three of the kingdoms of the old world. Wherever I have gone it has been my aim to enquire as to the comforts, habits, intelligence, morals, temporal and future prospects of my fellow men. As a commentary on the whole, I am prepared to offer with great sincerity, the following sentiment—

Berkshire of the Bay State—Take it all in all, there is no better place in which to be born, to live, and to die.

Sentiment by Hon. Timothy Childs, of Rochester, N. Y.—

Mr. President—I do not rise to discharge the duty assigned to me in the order of exercises; the day is too far spent, there are too many here who desire to relieve, by a few words, their full hearts to allow me to do more than to give a sentiment. This meeting is one of deep interest; it cannot, I think, but be one of lasting good. We have heard recounted the deeds, the virtues, the sufferings of our Fathers, we have looked again upon the scenery of

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our native homes, we have revived all the joyous associations of childhood and youth, and the effect must be good, and only good. Whatever of virtuous purpose or principle may have attended us in our emigration, must receive new vigor from the events of this day. We all feel that the example of the Fathers of Berkshire rests upon their children, with the solemnity of a religious obligation; we all feel at this moment that it would be criminal to dishonor their history; and now that we are about to pronounce the words of parting, and turn our faces to our distant homes, let us carry with us, deeply engraved on our minds, this sentiment—

The Emigrant of Berkshire—Wherever may be his lot, or whatever its duties, let him never forget that he cannot be delinquent without being degenerate.

Sentiment by Dr. L. A. Smith of Newark, N. J.—

Our friends who are not with us on this occasion—

> "Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear;
> A sigh the absent claim, the dead a tear."

Sentiment to the memory of the late Dr. Hyde, of Lee, by W. P. Palmer—

> Saint! in thy loss we learn this blessed lore
> That not to breathe, is not to be no more!
> Oh no; to those whose days like thine have passed
> In self denying kindness to the last,
> Remains, unfading with the final breath,
> A green and sweet vitality in death!

Sentiment by Silas Metcalf, Esq., of Kinderhook, N. Y.—

"The Yankees and the Dutch—The Western Rail-road has broken down the distinction of caste,—the commingling of blood cannot fail mutually to improve the stock."

Sentiment by T. Joy, Esq., of Albany—

The return of the Sons of Berkshire—Though under circumstances exactly the reverse from that of the Prodigal—yet their sires killed for them the fatted calf.

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Sentiment by D. C. WHITEWOOD, of Michigan—

THE ANNUAL CROP PRODUCED IN OLD BERKSHIRE — Philosophers, Orators, Statesmen, Merchants, Physicians, and Professors — may the crop increase until she has enough for her own consumption, and a large surplus for export, and on every cargo she consigns to the ports of Michigan, the Woolvereens will pay her a heavy export bounty.

Sentiment by the Rev. JOSHUA N. DANFORTH, of Alexandria, D. C.—

We stand here to-day, numbering forty in relationship — twenty-five of us the direct descendants of DAVID NOBLE, of Williamstown, the upright judge — the exemplary christian. His name and memory, like those of our immediate parents, we regard as a sacred legacy, by which we are enriched, and of which we are not ashamed. If the spirit which dwelt in the bosom of the fathers, shall be transmitted through the sons to our posterity, we, like them, shall not have lived and died in vain.

The scenes we witness to-day, are indeed impressive. Genius is pouring out his treasures with a generosity suited to the great occasion. Poetry is weaving her most beautiful garland. Friendship brings her costly offerings to this altar. Even History has a portion in the reminiscences of this auspicious day. The Muses and the Graces have conspired to honor the occasion. And if the joys of the living must necessarily be mingled with those sorrows which affection pays to the dead, the depth of the emotion attests the value of the tribute. Some of us are devoted to the law: some to the ministry of reconciliation: all, we trust, are found in some sphere of activity and usefulness. Some are in the far west; others in the far east. One walks on missionary ground, dwelling in an Asiatic clime, and consecrating the energies of her heart and life to that Redeemer who has loved us all, and given himself for us. As this is a family gathering, something may be pardoned to a family feeling in the mention of these particulars. If I may be permitted to give expression to my feelings in the form of a sentiment, it should be—

The HOME of our fathers, revisited to-day in our persons — our hearts never depart from it. The GRAVES of our fathers — they

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contain our richest earthly treasures. The MEMORY of our fathers —let it be green as the vernal verdure of those graves.

Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY, D.D., of New-York, took the stand in accordance with the invitation of the President. He said he had got his travelling coat in his hand, and taken his staff. He was sensible that the time had come for them to part, and I give you my promise, (said he,) that I will not detain you long. Yet I think, sir, that this occasion has some significance on which it may be worth our while to spend a moment ere we leave it. This immense multitude, this sea of faces around me, what do they mean? Sir, they mean that we are called here by the power of a single sentiment, and I am delighted to recognise that power — am delighted to see in our New England — in our scheming, contriving, calculating New England, an immense assembly like this gathered together, not to build a rail-road, nor bolster up any party, but gathered as I may say, for nothing in particular. (Laughter.) We are drawn together by the power of a mere sentiment. I have travelled all over New England within a few weeks past, and have seen from one state of it to another, a strong heart — beating in reference to this very occasion. I am disposed sometimes to say that the temperate zone of the earth is the very torrid zone of feeling. It is so at least of the home feelings. I believe, powerful and wide spread as is the political agitation of the present moment, that no party mass meeting could have drawn so many from far and near to it, as this great domestic mass meeting. (Cheers.) I say we are called together by a mere sentiment; we have come, not for our own interest nor a supposed advantage — not to help forward any political, commercial or scientific object. These have their places: but they do not occupy our attention to-day. We have come upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of our nativity. This is the festival of our nativity. It was a happy thought, I think, to send out the invitation to this meeting; and, I will say I have been, not surprised, but struck, to observe the hearty and enthusiastic response to the call which is given in this immense assembly. It came to us scattered over the extent of a country almost equal to half of Europe; it found us in the city, spread over the prairies of the west, by the shores of the northern lakes; it found us engaged with many cares and labors—one at his farm, another at his mer-

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chandise, one studying his brief, another ministering to his people; but when we heard that invitation, what was the talismanic agency that broke the spell and determined us to obey it? It was like the song of the Scotch maiden,

> "The woods in which we dwelt pleasantly rustled in the song,
> And our streams were there with the sound of all their waters."

It has been said that in this wide country, continually inviting to new settlements, and with the almost nomadic habits of our people, the sentiment of home is likely to be weakened. I will not contend that point formally, but will ask those who have returned after many years' absence to their native home and fields, whether the sentiment of which I speak has died or is likely to die? I am quite sensible that we are likely to wear this theme threadbare. We must talk about our home. It is that in which all our thoughts and feelings concentrate now. But is it possible to wear out this theme? No: these homestead acres which give back the lessons of our childhood; these fields in which are written the memories of past pleasures; these hedges which warbled sweet melodies to our youthful ear, the barn roof on which we once heard the rain patter; these lowly porches on which we sat when the day went down; the hearth-stone that first echoed to the name of "father," "mother,"—all are themes of delight, ever green, ever fragrant.

We may have found wealth, splendor, fame, elsewhere; but there is no spot of earth like this. If I express my own feelings, all other aspects wear an air of strangeness and foreignness in comparison with these. And yet, after all, I feel how utterly vain are my efforts to express this sentiment. There is something coiled up in this sentiment which I cannot unfold. It reminds me of an anecdote of one of the venerable fathers of the church in this County—Dr. West, one of the most learned, pure, gentle spirits that ever lived. I recollect one day of hearing a little child read the Scriptures. Its voice had nothing remarkably impressive, it was a child's voice. I found myself moved in the most extraordinary manner, and yet unable to tell why, for I understood not what she uttered. On a few moments' reflection I discovered that the tone of that little child's voice was like the voice of Dr. West in prayer. So I think it is with home affections; we are moved, we can scarcely tell why, at the sound of the word home. It is

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good for us to cherish these affections. Antæus, the child of Terra and Neptune, of earth and sea, only on the earth could be strong, could draw his replenished energies, enabling him to hold contest with the foe; and thus it is we turn hither on the waves of life, we spread our sails for the haven of honor, but after all, the re-afforded strength and courage to fight with perils is drawn from the home affections.

One word more, and I will relieve your attention. If it could so have happened that we who are gathered together had met as travellers in the heart of Asia, and if an urn of earth taken from these fields around us could be placed upon the board around which we were gathered, of that sacred earth we should make our altar and over it, pour out our homage, and when we parted, I doubt not, we should be glad to take a handful of that earth to be a holy talisman, a sacred relic to cheer us on our way. So in the journey of life we have met to-day to pay our homage of thanksgiving, and when we part we will take a breath of home affection, as it were a bit of earth, to be a pleasant inspiration and memory in time to come.

The President introduced to the meeting Hon. JULIUS ROCKWELL, who, (he said,) though a Connecticut boy, is a Berkshire man. Mr. ROCKWELL having taken the stand, said—

Mr. President—When you took your place there, I thought sir, you told us you were to follow a chart or plan laid before you: and you will find no such thing as you last read upon it. It was my honorable distinction here, to be entrusted to present to this meeting a sentiment from another mind.

Sir, you have rightly said, I am not one of Berkshire's Sons. But I have done all I could to make my position better; and I say to every young man who hears me, go and do likewise, (cheers;) for with the most persevering exertions, I tell him, he can obtain, if he be not too late, a *Berkshire wife!* (Great cheering.).

One of the gentlemen who has spoken here, has told you how fortunate it is in young life, to go from Berkshire; I can tell him how fortunate it is in young life to *come to* the County of Berkshire. Another gentleman, with great beauty and power, spoke of the feeling that pervades every heart on this occasion, as the feeling of the young eagle returning to the eagle's nest. What

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think you is the feeling of the eagle mother as she sees her young, strong in pinions, strong in all that becomes and ennobles their kind, returning to their mother's nest? O! in other days,—those days when the rights of man demanded that one nation should be arrayed against another,—they came back with the eagle beak all crimsoned with blood! God upheld and blessed them as they struggled, and toiled, and conquered, and rejoiced together. But now! they come back with the same strong wing, the same piercing eye, to tell us of their achievements on other fields and in other things, and to exhibit them here. They have received their warm welcome ; and a pity it is, that this occasion may not last as long as the fair sun which now blesses it, continues to shine. But I may not trust myself to say more. I present you the sentiment of one who, though not born or bred in Berkshire, is here to-day in mind and in heart, and whose pen all know. It bears the initials of "L. H. S.," and all know it belongs to Mrs. Sigourney.

The Old Bay State—
You scarce can go, where streamlets flow,
In prairie, or western glen,
Or among the great, in halls of state,
But you'll find the Berkshire men:
May the blessing of health and well spent wealth,
And stainless names await
(With the treasur'd glee of this Jubilee,)
The Sons of the Old Bay State.

L. H. S.

The sentiment of Mrs. Sigourney having been read, a young lady from the centre of New-York, immediately offered the following sentiment impromptu—

You scarce can go, thro' the world below,
But you'll find the Berkshire men:
And if you rove the world above,
You'll find them there again.

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SONG:

[Composed by a member of the Young Ladies' Institute, and sung by the Young Ladies of the School. The whole company joined in the chorus.]

Glad sounds of joy are on the air,
And shouts rise loud and free,
Our quiet vale resounds with mirth
And hearts o'erflow with glee.
For days of auld lang syne, dear friends,
For days of auld lang syne,
We'll have sweet thoughts of kindness yet
For days of auld lang syne.

Thrice welcome, brothers, wanderers, all
Who filially have come,
Our voices high in song we raise
And bid you *welcome home!*
For days of auld lang syne, &c.

How sweet for friends to gather home,
Where once they've happy been,
Though paler now life's lamp may burn
And years have rolled between.
For days of auld lang syne, &c.

And since those eyes beam welcome yet
That smiled in gladness then,
Now, in the smiles of friends thus met,
Whole years are lived again.
For days of auld lang syne, &c.

The days of life's glad spring return
With all their hopes and fears,
Where fondly mem'ry plucks sweet flowers
To bloom through future years.
For days of auld lang syne, &c.

Soon, greeting smiles to sadness turn
As drops the parting tear,
But mem'ry long shall sacred keep
Our glorious gathering here.
For days of auld lang syne, &c.

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At the close of the ode, sung to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne*, by the Young Ladies of the Institute, the President called Judge Betts, Chairman of New-York Committee, who said—

Mr. President and Gentlemen and Ladies—Whilst the melody of this sweet song rests so pleasantly on the hearts of all present, I should most unwillingly disturb the grateful emotion by an address of my own. Indeed had I tones at command which would embrace this wide family encampment, of what could I so fitly speak to you here as of *Auld Lang Syne*? and no words of mine could express the feelings swelling our bosoms on this occasion, so impressively as the parting chant those young voices have left on our memories.

In place then of occupying your attention with a speech myself, permit me to employ the moment of the day and of our festivities yet remaining, in offering a suggestion which may enable each one of us, by the transactions of yesterday and to-day, to speak for all and to every heart in this broad land, and to the children of Berkshire in all times to come.

I am authorized by the Committees of Berkshire and New-York, to invite a meeting this evening of the Committees and all others concurring in the object, to take measures for publishing and preserving the proceedings of this Jubilee.

Mr. President—May I ask your indulgence in parting, to offer a sentiment which seems to me brought strikingly home to all of us, children of this choice region, and who have gone out from among you.

The opportunity has been afforded me the past few days, in visiting a series of your beautiful towns, to compare, to some extent, the present, with the state of the country in 1806, when my residence in it ceased.

Since that period the doubled population—the improved culture of the land—the thrifty appearance of villages and farm residences and manufactories—the increase of churches, schools and academies—all denote an eminent and solid advancement in wealth, refinement, and the substantial comforts of life. In view of this great and interesting progress in improvement and well being here, the thought seems appropriate to us—that we, emigrants, should realize that there is much before us to do to render our conditions abroad of equal fellowship with those in Old Berkshire, at home.

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The President called upon the Rev. Mr. Todd, Chairman of the Berkshire County Committee.

Mr. Todd responded to the call as follows:

Mr. President—The difficult and painful duty has fallen upon me, of bidding farewell to these friends who have honored us so far as to come from their several homes to revisit the scenes of their childhood, to revive the memory of other days, and to renew the acquaintances of early life. Were it not that time is too precious, and one individual of too little consequence at this moment, I might express my deep regret that this duty had not fallen upon some other one.

We have often thought, sir,—thought with pride, of our gorgeous hills and valleys, which have been so beautifully celebrated at this time; we have often taken pride in this our home, and in all that is included in the term "Berkshire," and thought that we had scenery unsurpassed in nature. We thought that this occasion would bring bright and loved beings around us — brighter and more loved than whom, could not be found on the face of the earth. But, I doubt not, this pride in the present occupants of Berkshire, has been justly rebuked and deeply humbled. We had no conception of the beauty, the intellect, the character, and the real nobility of nature, which this meeting would call home; and hereafter we shall look back upon this gathering as one of the brightest and most beautiful occasions in our earthly pilgrimage. We have been thinking how we could erect some monument of this Jubilee. In our wisdom, we have spoken of several; but after all, God has been before us, and his mighty hand hath reared the Monument. That Hill from which we came to this pavilion, will hereafter bear the name of "JUBILEE HILL!" and when our heads are laid in the grave, and we have passed away and are forgotten, we hope our children, and our children's children, will walk over that beautiful spot and say, "here our fathers and mothers celebrated the *Berkshire Jubilee!*" This monument shall stand as long as the footstool of God shall remain.

Friends, dear friends! we have been greatly honored by your presence. We come now to give you the parting hand. We hope you will not forget these scenes that must live with the memory of childhood, of the homes you have loved, and of the friends

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you have greeted. You leave us now forever. But we shall not forget you. We shall remember you in our morning and evening prayer. We shall bear you up to heaven, and go where you will, we pray that our fathers' God, the God of Jacob, may be your God. We hope that you will not forget that your character was formed by the domestic hearth, by the humble school house, by the bright meadow, the lofty mountain and the deep glen; and above all things, we hope you will not forget, nor let your children forget, the old family Bible,— our fathers' Bible, King James' old English Bible! Don't forget how

> "That Bible,— the volume of God's inspiration,
> At noon and at evening, could yield us delight,
> And the prayer of our sire was a sweet invocation,
> For mercy by day, and for safety through night.
> Our hymns of thanksgiving, with harmony swelling,
> All warm from the heart of a family band,
> Half raised us from earth to that rapturous dwelling,
> Described in the Bible, that lay on the stand:
> The old fashioned Bible, the dear blessed Bible,
> The family Bible, that lay on the stand!"

Don't forget this old Bible, the chart of liberty; that which has made New England, which has made the "Old Bay State," and especially, that which has made Berkshire what it is.

And now in the name of your Committee, Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, Sisters, Friends, while the band stand ready to strike the notes that are to part us, we pause simply to say, thank you! God bless you! Farewell! We shall not think the less of that son or daughter who drops a tear, as we say to one another, Farewell! Farewell! till we meet on the great day of meeting!

Three hearty cheers were then given for *the Old Homestead*, and *the Emigrant!* The band played a farewell while the immense multitude separated, most of whom were in tears.

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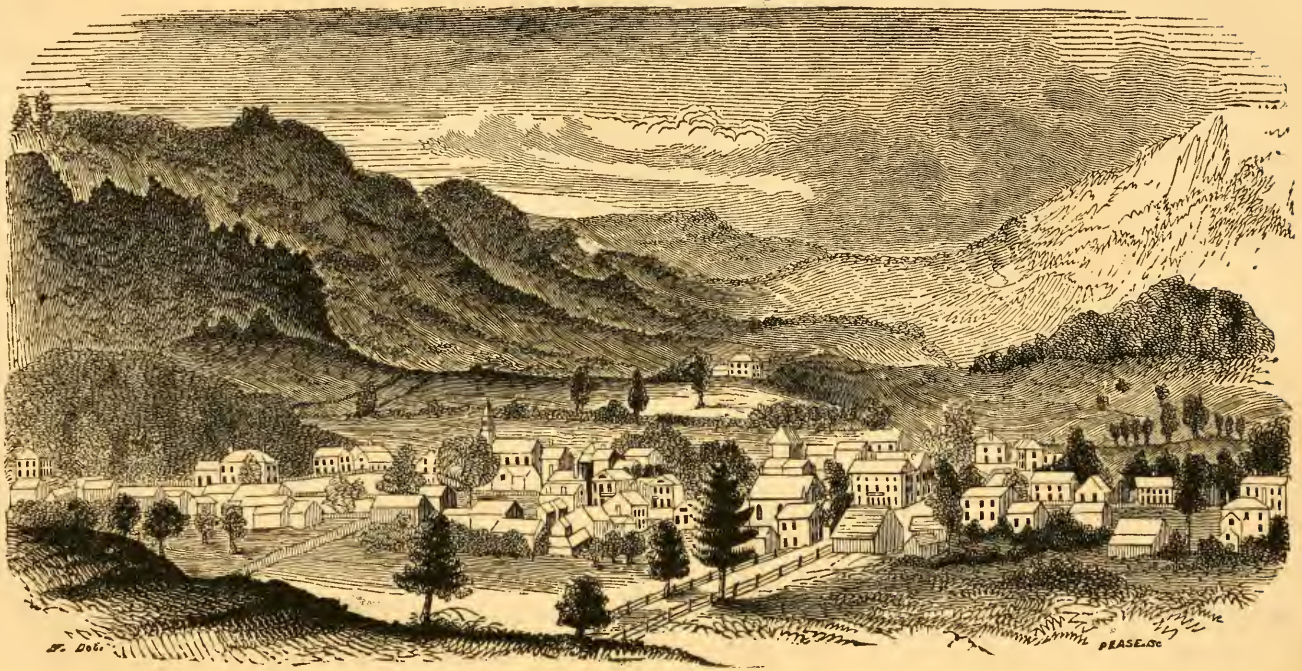

STOCKBRIDGE, FROM THE NORTH.

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APPENDIX.

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APPENDIX.

A RECOLLECTION OF THE STOCKBRIDGE INDIANS.

BY THOMAS ALLEN, ESQ., OF ST. LOUIS.

THERE are a living people, an entire class, whose Father-land is this on which we tread, not one soul of whom mingles in this general Jubilee of the Sons and Daughters of Berkshire. This, our native soil, was once theirs, and sacred to them by the dust of their ancestors mingling with it. But for them the "home-call" had no charms, and they are not here. No joy to them to come back and see the old forests gone, their fathers' bones scattered in the furrow, and our homes built upon fields where their generations sleep. But let us not be so ungenerous, amid our rejoicing, as to disdain a recollection of the poor Housatonic Indian.

At the period of the first settlement of the English in Berkshire, there were no Indians permanently situated within its limits bearing a distinctive appellation as a tribe, or living together as a separate and independent community. Small bands dwelt in the southern portion of the County, and the middle and northern portions were often penetrated and traversed by individuals and parties from the tribes beyond the County, north, east and west. As the white settlements extended in eastern Massachusetts, the native tribes moved gradually westward. Many of them fled before the whites in alarm, and it is probable that Berkshire was often the temporary refuge of the doomed and terrified fugitives. It is said that as early as King Philip's war, (1675,) some 200 fugitive Indians were pursued by soldiers of the Connecticut colony, from Westfield to the banks of the Housatonic, where a battle ensued in which many Indians were captured.

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The first purchase of land by the whites in Berkshire, was made on the 25th of April, 1724, by citizens of the county of Hampshire, of Indians dwelling in the neighborhood of the present town of Sheffield. The deed was executed by an Indian chief named Konkepot, and twenty other Indians, at Westfield, and conveyed the sites of the present towns of Sheffield, Egremont, Mt. Washington, Gt. Barrington, Alfred, and portions of Lee, of Stockbridge, and of West Stockbridge. The consideration was "£460, three barrels of cider, and thirty quarts of rum." These Indians were called at that time River Indians, and Housatonic Indians, and were probably of Mohawk or Mohegan connection. The desire of Konkepot to be instructed in the Christain religion, led to the establishment in 1734, of a mission and school by Mr. John Sergeant, a native of New Jersey, assisted by Timothy Woodbridge at *Wnahtukook*, or Great Meadow, since known as Stockbridge, where a few families of Indians under Capt. Konkepot, resided. A few other families lived on lands situated near the present divisional line between Gt. Barrington and Sheffield, under Lieut. Umpachene; their settlement was called *Scatekook*. Both these chiefs received their military titles from the British Governor of Massachusetts, Jonathan Belcher, and are said to have been respectable men. To remedy the inconvenience of instructing settlements so far apart, the Indians agreed to meet and dwell together during the winter season, at a point about half way between their two little villages. For this purpose, they began to erect a school and meeting house, with small huts around it, in Gt. Barrington. After three winters' trial, this arrangement proved inconvenient, owing to their being obliged to return to the fields they cultivated, in the spring. Being acquainted with their wants and condition, the Legislature granted them a township of land in 1735, where Stockbridge now is, and the Indians removed there in 1736. In 1737, the Legislature ordered for them the erection of a meeting house, thirty feet by forty, and of a school house, at the expense of the Province. In 1739, the settlement, called then "Indian Town," was incorporated as a town, and received the name of Stockbridge, probably from a town of the same name in England, and the Indians have been called the Stockbridge Indians from that day to the present. The settlement increased from the number of eighty souls at the time of its commencement, to one hundred and twenty in 1740,

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by accessions from various quarters external. The inhabitants of a small village called *Kannaumeek*, near the present Brainerd's Bridge, joined them in 1744, and in 1747 they numbered two hundred souls. They were afterwards increased to about four hundred, which is believed to have been about their average number afterward, so long as they remained in this county. Mr. Sergeant translated the whole of the New Testament, except the book of Revelation, into the Indian language. He baptised one hundred and twenty-nine Indians, and contributed to the conversion of fifty or sixty to Christianity; and forty-two were communicants with the church when he closed his labors by death, in 1749.

Jonathan Edwards became the teacher of these Indians in 1751, and labored among them about seven years, when he became President of Nassau Hall. It was during his sojourn among the Stockbridge Indians, that President Edwards composed his famous work on the Will. His studies were pursued in a room but six feet square, and with one window. The house he occupied is yet standing. He was followed by Dr. Stephen West, in 1759, who was at that time Chaplain at Fort Massachusetts, in Adams. Dr. West and President Edwards, addressed the Indians through an interpreter. Dr. West relinquished the labor of instruction in 1775, to Mr. John Sergeant, son of the first missionary, who, as did his father, taught the Indians in their native tongue. This language was said to have been the common language of the Indians of New England; of the Penobscots near Nova Scotia, of the Indians of St. Francis in Canada, and of other tribes west and south, and that it was spoken more generally than any other Indian language in North America. Elliot's translation of the Bible was said to have been into a dialect of the Stockbridge language. Many of the Indian youth received a very good common school education from these missionary teachers; and one of them, Peter *Pohquonnoppeet*, was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1780. As a tribe they were peaceable, tractable and intelligent, capable of transacting ordinary business, and of discharging the duties of town officers, which devolved upon some of them. From the earliest time they were uniformly friendly to the white race, and probably in their whole history to the present time, an act of hostility or violence committed by them against the white population, cannot be found. On the contrary, they performed numer-

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ous kind offices for the early settlers of the County, often fought, and sometimes shed their blood for them. Other Indians made attacks, and committed murders and depredations within the County, often spreading terror through the settlements, causing the inhabitants to erect forts and block houses for their defence. But the friendship of the Stockbridges served against foes white or red, and never failed. They took part with the English in the two French wars of 1744 and 1754. They served, some of them as Massachusetts soldiers, and in 1775, one of the chiefs formally tendered his services in the Revolutionary war, in a speech made to the Massachusetts Congress. In a letter addressed from Pittsfield, May 9, 1775, by Rev. Thomas Allen to Gen. Seth Pomeroy, at Cambridge, it is said : "Solomon, the Indian King, at Stockbridge, was lately at Col. Easton's, of this town, and said there that the Mohawks had not only given liberty to the Stockbridge Indians to join us, but had sent them a belt denoting that they would hold in readiness five hundred men, to join us immediately on the first notice, and that the said Solomon holds an Indian post in actual readiness to run with the news as soon as they shall be wanted." The Stockbridges composed part of a company of rangers acting near Boston, commanded by Capt. *Timothy Yokun*, one of their own tribe. A full company of them fought for the Americans at White Plains, under Capt. *Daniel Nimham*, where four were slain. Others served elsewhere. A feast was given them at the close of the war, by command of Gen. Washington, in consideration of their gallant conduct in the American service. It was given in Stockbridge, near the residence of King Solomon, and the whole tribe partook of it. King Ben, or Benjamin, *Kokkewenaunaut*, the immediate predecessor of Solomon, died in 1781, at the great age of 104 years.

The Stockbridges did not remain long in Massachusetts after the close of the war. Previously to that contest, a township of land had been given them by the Oneidas in the State of New-York. Selling their possessions in Stockbridge gradually to their white neighbors, they began to remove to New-York in 1783, after the peace, and all, numbering about four hundred and twenty, reached their new homes in 1788. They called the settlement New Stockbridge. The school, which had accomplished so much in improving them since 1734, followed, and the son of their first

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teacher did not desert them. Mr. Sergeant, who had been their teacher, became also their pastor, sixteen of the tribe professing religion, and forming themselves into a new church. Mr. Sergeant spent six months in a year with them, until 1796, when he removed his family to New Stockbridge, and remained altogether in the service of the Indians until his death. They continued a peaceful, agricultural people, and their little church slowly increased. Samson *Occom*, was an Indian preacher, a Mohegan, who lived in their vicinity, resided with them during the last years of his life, and died among them in 1792. Mr. Sergeant died in 1824, at the age of seventy-seven.

The white man's star of empire continuing westward, another removal was deemed advisable. The Delawares had given the Stockbridges a tract of land upon the White River in Indiana, to which many of the latter seemed desirous of removing. Some of them went to Indiana, but government agents, it is charged, wronged them of their title. Subsequently, a large tract of land was purchased at the head of Green Bay in Wiskonsan, for several New-York tribes, and a provision was also there made for the Stockbridges. They began to move thither in 1822—some lingered, some strayed into Canada, but most of them finally reached the shores of Lake Winnebago, where still remembering native Berkshire, they established another Stockbridge. The little church and school, whose seed was planted in Massachusetts, survived this removal also, and still flourishes beyond the shores of Michigan. But the terms of their leases of any particular spot of earth, as with other tribes, have been growing shorter and shorter. They were permitted to remain in Stockbridge of Massachusetts forty-nine years, in the Stockbridge of New-York, thirty-four years, but they had dwelt in Wiskonsan only seventeen years, when they were summoned again to depart. By a treaty made in 1839, they ceded their land in Wiskonsan, and the government agreed to remove them to the west of the Missouri as soon as they were ready to go, to subsist them one year afterward, and in conjunction with the Munsees, they receive per annum, the interest of $6,000, viz: $360.* About seventy of them, of their own accord, in the fall

* A communication from the Commissioner of the Indian Office at Washington, addressed to me under date of August 31, 1844, and since this paper was prepared, states

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of 1839, sought their own way to the Missouri, and reached the lands of the Delawares in great poverty. They were invited to this neighborhood by the Delawares. But their situation is not permanent. They have applied for an independent location, and the application is now under the favorable consideration of the department at Washington. The larger portion of the tribe, viz. 207, remained in Wiskonsan, and they have applied to Congress for the privileges of citizenship which are enjoyed by their friends and neighbors, the Brothertown Indians. As they are deemed sufficiently civilized, the privilege of being placed upon a footing with citizens of the United States, will probably be extended to them.* Their merits and services seem to entitle them to it. But the little band on the Missouri, have probably sought a different destiny, viz: that of being mingled perhaps with the great tribes west of the boundaries of the United States, whose language of complaint is,

"They waste us—aye—like April snow
In the warm noon, we shrink away;
And fast they follow, as we go
Toward the setting day,—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Are driven into the western sea."

This little band of Stockbridges are settled by permission, on the lands of the Delawares, about five or six miles below Fort Leavenworth, on the western bank of the Missouri river. I saw them there in 1842. Their dress is such, that at a distance they are easily mistaken for white people. Their manners and customs are also quite civilized. They plough and hoe, and keep oxen, cows and hogs. They have built neat cabins of hewn logs, fenced

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that, "the annuities of which the Stockbridges are now in the receipt, are $350, as their portion of the annuities provided for by the treaty of '94 with the Six Nations of New-York, of which $280 goes to the Stockbridges still east, and the interest (six per cent payable quarterly.) on $6,000 invested, as per treaty of September, 1839, in public stock as a permanent school fund, which also is secured exclusively to the Stockbridges east. It will thus appear that the Stockbridges east receive $640, and those west $70 in annuities."

* This application, I now learn, was granted by the twenty-seventh Congress, in the form of an act constituting them "citizens of the United States to all intents and purposes,"— it is however, understood that a portion of them are opposed to having their nationality thus merged in ours, and have applied to Congress with the purpose of effecting a repeal of the law.

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their farms, and are very orderly and industrious. They sometimes produce a little surplus corn to sell, and sometimes they labor for others for wages. They enjoy the benefits of a mission school.* Missouri and Iowa are settled up to the boundary line, and many of the white settlers are beginning already to desire the lands of the Delawares, which are beyond. They are of the most fertile and beautiful description, and destined, as settlement has hitherto been prosecuted, to fall very soon into the clutches of the white man, when the Indian, the Stockbridge included, must take another step toward "the western sea." The Stockbridges have preserved a very uniformly respectable character — continued friendship for the people of the United States, and what is more singular, nearly the same average number of souls in their tribe, from about 1750 to this day.

Let us imagine the Stockbridge Indian returned to-day, like us, to his native Berkshire. Does any kindred welcome him? Does any thing living give him a friendly token of recognition? Methinks I hear him sadly saying, in the language of our honored and honoring poet:

"It is the spot I came to seek,—
My father's ancient burial place,
Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
Withdrew our wasted race.
It is the spot—I know it well—
Of which our old traditions tell.

"For here the upland bank sends out
A ridge toward the river side;
I know the shaggy hills about,
The meadows smooth and wide:
The plains, that toward the southern sky,
Fenced east and west by mountains, lie.

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* The Delawares have heretofore opposed the establishment of a Stockbridge house of worship and school among them on the Missouri. But the Stockbridges there have a native teacher among them, who is no doubt employed, and may, in some measure supply the want of the regular teacher whom the Baptist Missionary Society were desirous to furnish, and who is understood to be awaiting the withdrawal of the opposition of the Delawares, which now precludes her from entering upon her duties. As to religious instruction, though from the same opposition they are without a resident missionary, they still have the occasional pastoral services of a member of the Baptist Shawnee Mission.

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" A white man gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green
Between the hills so sheer.
I like it not;—I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

" The sheep are on the slopes around,
The cattle in the meadows feed,
And laborers turn the crumbling ground,
Or drop the yellow seed,
And prancing steeds, in trappings gay,
Whirl the bright chariot o'er the way.

" Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in woods arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer, that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below.

" And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars,
Walk forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

" This bank, in which the dead were laid,
Was sacred when its soil was ours;
Hither the artless Indian maid
Brought wreaths of beads and flowers,
And the grey and gifted seer
Worshipped the God of thunders here.

" But now the wheat is green and high
On clods that hid the warrior's breast,
And scattered in the furrows lie
The weapons of his rest;
And there in the loose sand is thrown,
Of his large arm, the mouldering bone.

" Ah, little thought the strong and brave,
Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth;
Or the young wife, that weeping gave
Her first born to the earth,
That the pale race, who waste us now,
Among their bones should guide the plough.

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* * * * * * *

" But I behold a fearful sign
To which the white men's eyes are blind;
Their race may vanish hence, like mine,
And leave no trace behind,
Save ruins o'er the region spread,
And the white stones above the dead."

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LEE, FROM THE WEST.

LITERATURE OF BERKSHIRE.

By W. A.

The *Literature of Berkshire*, using the term in the broad sense of the word, is worthy of being remembered on this occasion. The amount of it is, I suppose, about seventy or eighty volumes, besides some hundreds of single sermons, orations and addresses. Few writers in our country, have written more than the two Edwards', Hopkins and West, Griffin and Humphrey, with Todd and Miss Sedgwick. Then Dr. Dewey and Mr. Tappan, have published several volumes each; and Professor Dewey, and others, have written various treatises. Father Leland, of Cheshire, was also prolific as an author.

In the department of *Theology*, what writings in America are more celebrated, than those, which have come from the pen of Berkshire men? In the department of education and of the right training of the young in knowledge and virtue, what writings have been more widely diffused and more useful? In the department of moral fable and interesting narrative what writings have been more acceptable to the public? In the department of poetry what poet in America is comparable to him, who was born among the eastern hills of the Green Mountain Range and who cultivated his rare talent in the silent valley of the *Housatunnuk*?

I know not how many volumes of foreign travel have been published by citizens of Berkshire. The History of our County was written many years ago, by Rev. Dr. Field and Professor Dewey, assisted by many ministers of the county.

METAPHYSICS OF THEOLOGY.

I believe there is no spot in America, where it has been so much cultivated, as in Berkshire; and that without perhaps impairing the plainness and faithfulness of the preaching of those, who cultivated it.

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In a six foot square study, in Stockbridge, was written that great book, President Edwards' Essay on the "Freedom of the Will." This was published in 1754, ninety years ago; but at the present day it stands at the head of all such speculations.

Dr. Hopkins' writings are well known. He was the minister of Great Barrington.

Dr. Stephen West, of Stockbridge, wrote a metaphysical book, an essay on *Moral Agency*.

Dr. Jonathan Edwards the son of the President, wrote also on the subject of Liberty and Necessity.

Some of the writings of Dr. E. D. Griffin, are also sufficiently metaphysical.

And last, Rev. Henry P. Tappan, formerly a minister of Pittsfield, has published three learned volumes, designed to establish a system in opposition to that of President Edwards; and it is written with great ability.

These various works, produced by Berkshire, are, I believe, more in number, and in value, than all the other metaphysical books, which have been published in all North America.

MISSIONARIES FROM BERKSHIRE.

The Missionaries from Berkshire should be honorably remembered.

1. The first was Rev. John Sergeant, who first visited the Indians at Housatunnuk, in October, 1734, and died amongst them in 1749, — having baptized one hundred and eighty-two Indians, and formed a church, consisting in 1749, of forty-two members.

2. Mr. Timothy Woodbridge was his worthy assistant teacher of the natives.

3. The care of these Indians then fell to Dr. West, and to Mr. John Sergeant, the son of the first missionary.

4. Among the first missionaries to India, was Rev. Gordon Hall. After the labors of thirteen or fourteen years, he died in 1826, at the age of thirty-six.

5. Rev. Daniel White, of Pittsfield, missionary to Africa, died very soon after his arrival, in 1837.

6. Other missionaries are the following—

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Miss Salome Danforth, Smyrna.

Rev. Josiah Brewer, of Tyringham, at Smyrna; he has returned.

Mr. Nathan Benjamin, of Williamstown; at Athens, in Greece, in 1838.

Mrs. Whitney, whose name was Mercy Partridge, of Pittsfield; at the Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. Harvey R. Hitchcock, of Great Barrington; Sandwich Islands.

Mrs. Rogers, (was Elizabeth M. Hitchcock, Great Barrington;) Sandwich Islands.

Rev. J. C. Brigham, of New-York; went as a missionary agent to South America.

Mr. Daniel S. Butrick, of Windsor:

Dr. Elizur Butler, of New Marlborough:

Mr. Josiah Hemmingway, relieved:

Mrs. Wisner, (Judith Frissell, of Peru;) all among the Cherokees.

Mr. Cyrus Byington, of Stockbridge.

Mrs. Jones, (Emily G. Robinson, Lenox.)

Mr. Ebr. Hotchkin, of Richmond, and Anna Burnham, among the Choctaws.

Mr. Benton Pixley, of Great Barrington; among the Osages.

Mr. Fred. Ayer, of West Stockbridge; among the Ojibwas.

Emily Root, of Lenox; to the New-York Indians.

Mr. Hotchkin; among the Choctaws.

There may be yet others, whose names have escaped inquiry.

CATALOGUE OF BERKSHIRE SOLDIERS AND CHAPLAINS

IN THE FRENCH AND REVOLUTIONARY WARS.

1. Of those who fell in the field, or in the service of their country—

Colonel Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams' College, killed near Lake George, Sept. 8, 1755.

Capt. Chapin, killed at Williamstown, July 11, 1756.

Rev. Whitman Welch, of Williamstown, chaplain, died near Quebec, March, 1776.

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Colonel Mark Hopkins, of Great Barrington, died at White Plains, Oct. 26, 1776, aged 36.

Colonel Thomas Williams, of Stockbridge, died at Skenesborough, July 10, 1736, aged 30.

2. Of the Chaplains in the service of their country, besides Mr. Welch, already mentioned—

Rev. Adonijah Bidwell, of Tyringham, at the capture of Louisburg, 1745. Died June 2, 1784.

Rev. John Norton, captured at Fort Massachusetts, at Hoosuc or Adams, in 1746.

Rev. Stephen West, chaplain at the same post in 1758. Died May 13, 1819, aged 83.

Rev. George Throop, of Otis, chaplain in 1776.

Rev. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, chaplain at Ticonderoga; also a participator in the Battle of Bennington. Died Feb. 11, 1810, aged 67.

Rev. Daniel Avery, of Windsor, chaplain in 1777. Died in 1819.

3. Of those who survived the war—

Gen. Joseph Dwight, of Great Barrington, commanded the artillery at Louisburg, 1745; was in service also at Lake Champlain, in 1756. Died June 9, 1765, aged 62.

Col. John Patterson, of Lenox, marched with a regiment of minute men for Boston, in 1775, the next morning after hearing of the Battle of Lexington. He assisted in the capture of Burgoyne, in 1777.

Gen. John Fellows, of Sheffield, marched to Boston at the head of a regiment after the battle of Lexington; he fought at White Plains. He died August 1, 1808, aged 73.

Capt. Daniel Nimham, an Indian, commanded a company of Stockbridge Indians at White Plains.

Col. Benjamin Simonds, of Williamstown, was a soldier in Fort Massachusetts when it was attacked, in 1746. Died April 11, 1807, aged 81.

Gen. David Rossiter, of Richmond, commanded a company of minute men at Cambridge, in 1775. Died March 8, 1811, aged 75.

Col. Simon Larned, of Pittsfield, an officer in the Revolutionary war, and in the war of 1812. Died Nov. 16, 1817, aged 61.

Rev. Cornelius Jones, first minister of Sandisfield, dismissed in 1761; afterwards a wealthy farmer in Rome and Skenesborough, and a zealous whig; commanded the militia of Rome at the capture of Burgoyne.

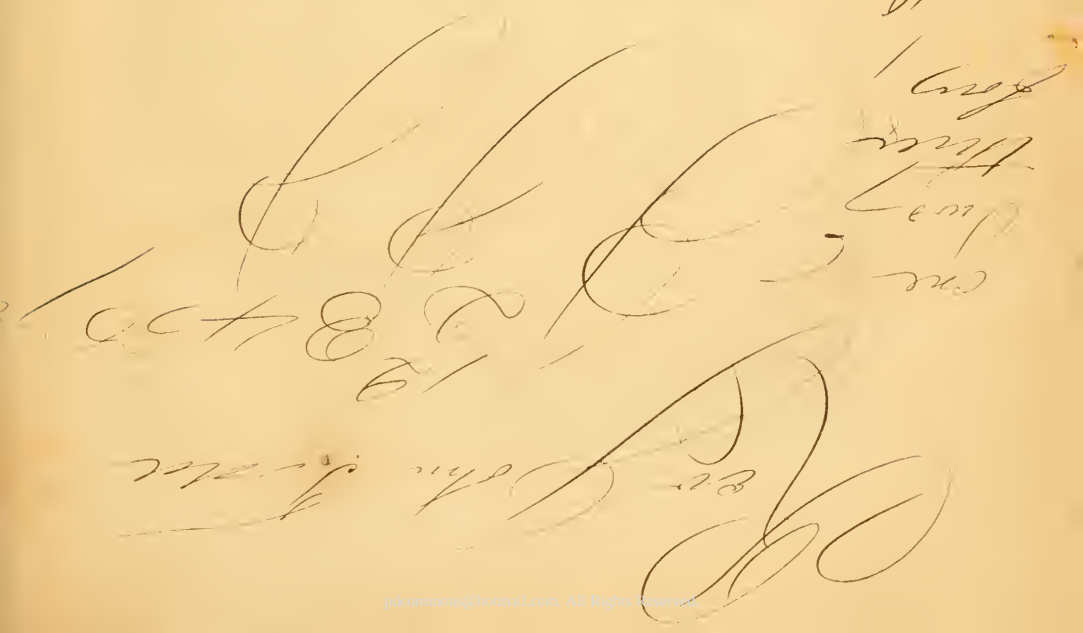
Col. Oliver Root, of Pittsfield, a soldier in the French war, was with Col. Brown at Palatine, in 1780. Died May 2, 1826, aged 75.

Col. Joshua Danforth, of Pittsfield, an officer of the Revolutionary war.

Dr. Timothy Childs, of Pittsfield, a surgeon in the army, marched to Cambridge in 1775, in Capt. David Noble's company of minute men. Died Feb. 20, 1821, aged 73.

4. The following are the names of Captains in 1775—

Charles Dibble, Lenox.
Nathan Watkins, Partridgefield.
Samuel Sloane, Williamstown.
William Riley, Great Barrington.
Ebenezer Smith, New Marlborough.
Wm. Goodrich, Stockbridge.
Noah Allen, Tyringham.
Peter Ingersoll, Great Barrington.
Capt. Soule, Sandisfield.
Adjutant Samuel Brewer, Tyringham.



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MR. BARNARD'S LETTER.

Albany, August 19, 1844.

To the Honorable Samuel R. Betts,

My Dear Sir—I beg leave to communicate to you, and, in this way, to the Sons of Berkshire who will assemble at Pittsfield on the twenty-second and twenty-third days of this month, the deep regret I feel at being deprived, as I am, at the last moment, by occurrences which I could not foresee or avoid, of the happiness of being present, as one of their number, and mingling my congratulations, my rejoicings, my sympathies, with theirs, on this interesting and affecting occasion. I feel this deprivation as a personal affliction. It is an occasion which had been long anticipated by me, and impatiently waited for.

The idea of such a Jubilee as this, to be conducted in the manner of this, and held for such objects, could hardly have originated in any other period, or in any other quarter of the world. The living Sons of a single County in Massachusetts, born on its rugged soil, and nurtured on its rough, yet fertile, kind and genial bosom, are to come together from all parts of our wide-spread country—a very numerous company—to join hands around an altar, erected in the land of their nativity, by themselves, and dedicated to friendship, to gratitude, to patriotism, and to religion. They are to hear a sermon delivered by one of their number, and an oration pronounced by another, and speeches will be made, and poems recited, around the whole circle. The fountains of all hearts in that generous circle will be broken up, and a libation will be poured out, nobler and purer than any and all that Hebrew, Greek or Roman ever offered. It is a sacrifice to be made to mother earth on the spot whence the dust of their bodies was taken. It is an offering of thanksgiving to be made by the children of one large and happy family, gathered once more before they die, under the spreading roof-tree of the paternal mansion. It is a solemn procession to be made around moss-grown graves, tenanted by the honored and still beloved dead. All the gene-

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rous emotions, all the pious feelings, all the tender sympathies, all the undying sensibilities of the human heart, will be touched, and brought into full play, during the simple and beautiful ceremonies of this occasion.

And another order of sensations also are likely to be aroused. While the living Sons of Berkshire have been growing up, the world has not been standing still, and they themselves have not been idle. Science, and the Arts of civilization and of life, and the knowledge of truth and of God, have been making progress. Physical and moral, and intellectual, and religious cultivation has been advanced. Berkshire itself shows how the rough places have been made smooth, and how the hills have been carried into the plains. Her rich vallies laugh in the sun, and the slopes of her lofty ridges wave in yellow corn, or in green pasture. The comfortable dwelling, the rich mansion, the school house, the college, and Christian spires out of number, diversify and adorn her beautiful landscapes. These have long been her heritage, but improved and extended by her care; and now, unpromising as seemed her broken territory for such an enterprise, she is girt with a pathway of iron, and traversed daily, and almost hourly, with the speed of the wind, by snorting and furious steeds, of human generation, with ribs and sinews and hoofs of iron and steel. And all around her, and far distant from her — far as the footsteps of her children have wandered — improvement has been going on. The light of Christianity and of liberty has been diffused. Good morals and good principles, we trust, have gone along with the increase of physical facilities and comforts. While the earth has been subdued, and the powers of nature have been tasked to fill our horn with plenty, and make our cup overflow with blessings, we trust that good will to men, and peace on earth have been steadily promoted. And, in every good word and work, at home, and remote from home, the Sons of Berkshire — aye, and the Daughters of Berkshire not less than they — may claim to have had their full share. In science, in literature, in arts, in trades, in professions, in politics, they have been among the foremost men of their time. In their ranks have been found eminent writers, eminent poets, eminent lawyers, eminent doctors, eminent divines, eminent professors, eminent artists, eminent judges, eminent orators, eminent senators, eminent statesmen — and, with all, eminently honest men. There is scarcely an honored station in life which has not been filled

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and adorned from their number. Many of these will be found at the gathering of the Jubilee; and every heart there will beat with honest and just pride in the presence of such recollections, and such a consciousness, as the occasion cannot fail to call forth. And those who will contribute most to the noble enjoyments and sacred pleasures of the occasion, not so much by what they may there say and do, as by what they have been, and what they are — by the good they have done in the world, and the consideration and fame they have acquired — these are entitled to know and feel — and in the depths of their hearts they will feel — the fullest and most exquisite relish of delight.

The very occasion itself will demonstrate that Berkshire has produced and given to the world, something of ability and learning worth being proud of. The Sons of Genius will be found there, among the Sons of Berkshire. Eloquent lips will speak in prose and verse; sound instruction will be communicated; pious lessons will be inculcated; glowing thoughts that burn into men's minds will be uttered. The company assembledt here — they themselves go away wiser and better than they came.

I repeat that I feel it as a personal affliction, that I am to be deprived of the happiness of attending this Jubilee. And since it must be so, I wish, in this way, to put in my claim to be numbered among the Sons of Berkshire — content to take my place among the humblest of the number, if only I may be remembered as one of them. I was born in Berkshire County, and I am proud of the place of my birth. I am proud of the great and good names that have sprung from her soil. I wish to be allowed to claim that affinity to these names which is due to the accident of my birth in the same territory. The soil that has been so fruitful of good men and good women — certainly I think I may be allowed to rejoice that I was born upon it. And this is not all I have to rejoice in towards Berkshire County. My father, who is still living in perfect health, at eighty-seven, was not a native of Berkshire. He married there, resided there a few years, and then, when I was a *very* young gentleman, not yet out of the cradle, returned to his father's home, and the place of his nativity in Connecticut. When I was of age to begin my classical studies, if ever I was to begin them, he found himself an inhabitant of western New-York, long before the wilderness there had blossomed into a garden as it has since done, with reduced and limited means.

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But what then? There was Berkshire; and Lenox Academy and Williams' College were there; and there as much good Greek and Latin, and Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy could be had, as might suffice a young man of humble pretensions, and at a very moderate cost, as those institutions were among people of simple, unostentatious and unexpensive habits. Thus I became indebted to Berkshire for my academic and collegiate education. And I have one thing more to thank Berkshire for — the chief thing of all — the blessing of all blessings — for my mother. She was a native of that County, of a family not unknown or undistinguished among those who may meet at this Jubilee, and she is still living at a very advanced age. May God bless Berkshire forever, for my Mother!

Quis talia fando temperet à lachrymis?

Through you, my dear sir, and in this way, as I cannot do it in person, I beg to present to the Sons of Berkshire assembled at their Jubilee, my respectful greeting, my congratulations, and my hearty good wishes, and to subscribe myself,

Their friend, associate and brother,

D. D. BARNARD.

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A BERKSHIRE FAMILY SCENE.

[Having incidentally heard a friend mention one of the many family-gatherings brought together by the Jubilee, it occured to the Committee that there might be a picture of it preserved, without rendering what is sacred, unduly public, so that, should another such occasion occur after this generation is gone to the dead, it might be seen what made the children of Berkshire love their homes so tenderly, and what kind of families we have here. Accordingly the Committee wrote a note to a friend, requesting him to furnish them with a sketch of the picture. They believe that no heart will require an apology for its insertion, after having read it.]

Rev. J. Todd,

Reverend and Dear Sir—Some time prior to the celebration of the Berkshire Jubilee, I was requested by a friend in New-York to prepare an account of its doings for publication in one of the monthly magazines. Without promising to do so, I nevertheless made my arrangements to present him, so far as I could, with a faithful picture of what might take place on that occasion. But when the days of the Jubilee had passed by, and that which had so long been a thing of anticipation became one of memory, I found it impossible to comply with his request. The Berkshire Jubilee had indeed come and gone. But that which it had brought with it, unlike what I had looked for, could not be imparted to others. True, there were the crowd of joyous home-comers,—there were the addresses, and songs, and speeches, and toasts,—there was the warm welcome of children back to the old mansion, and the glad greeting of brothers and sisters long separated,—but all these, excellent and beautiful as they were, were not,—nor was any thing that can be told in words—the Jubilee. *That* was far down deep in the heart's inner sanctuary,—a thing sacred, which might not be imparted to others, and with which "a stranger intermeddleth not." I know not that it can be better described than in the language of a hard, browned-faced old man, than whom few are

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less used to the melting mood,—on the second evening of the celebration,—"I don't know how it is," said he, "but I have felt all day as if I could sit down and weep, and as if it would be manly to do so."

In our family, the ten living children met at home for the first time in seventeen years. The old mansion in which eleven of us, one of whom is not, were born and brought up, opened its doors to receive us back, and father and mother, still living in green old age, gave us the warm welcome. Some of us had gone away early in life, and had formed new connections and found other homes in the far west; while others had remained under the shade of the old roof-tree, raising up new plants in the native soil. New ties were around us, a new generation was springing up in our pathway, and the cares of life had long pressed heavily upon our hearts, but at the sight of the old homestead age seemed to renew itself, and we all once more became children. Why should we not? Here was the old mansion with its rooms and chambers, its long halls and winding balustrades, just as it was in our childhood. Here were the old thorns by the door-step, and the long garden in the rear; the shrubbery in the court-yard, and the apple trees in the orchard; the barns on whose mows of hay we tumbled in merriment; the wood-house chamber, the shed, the cistern, the well; all unchanged, or changed only as our own hearts had changed by passing years. And our parents too, the same still, only dearer to our love as age had gently imprinted its signet upon them; we saw all, if not in the same bright sunshine of childhood, yet in a softer, milder light, like evening twilight of autumn, and felt again like children subdued and chastened into a quiet gladness.

I might extend the picture, and tell of our many joyous meetings during that whole week of the Jubilee,—of the revival of old recollections, of revisiting wonted haunts, of welcoming back former schoolmates long forgotten, of recounting feats and achievements of the play-ground,—but I could not do it justice. It was one of those bright spots in life, which, like the island beyond the gates of Hercules to the early voyagers, lives forever in the memory of those who had seen it, but a description of which no words can convey to others.

Soon after we came together, it was proposed by some one of our number, that some memorial should be made of our home meeting. The suggestion met with universal acceptance, and after

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a little consultation, it was concluded to present our parents with a family Bible, in which each child's name should be inscribed. A beautiful Oxford Bible was accordingly procured, and Sabbath evening, after prayers, was the time fixed upon for presenting it, that being the last day we were to be together.

That Sabbath was a bright day. The morning broke over the hills, pouring its glad light upon mountain-side and valley, just as it used to do to our childish vision. Upon all nature there had fallen the same old-fashioned Sunday quiet, and the whole landscape seemed to be rendering silent worship to the great Creator. Not a sight met the eye, not a sound came upon the air, which was not in harmony with the sacredness of the day. Within doors, too, all seemed like the Sabbaths long past, for ours had been the Puritan Sabbath, a day of rest from all worldly toil and care and thought, when we were made to feel that one stage more of life's journey had been passed, and that we were one day nearer to our eternal home.

We all attended the public religious services, worshipping again in the same church where each in turn had received the seal of the covenant, and to which our feet had been directed from earliest childhood. How familiar to the eye was that ancient sanctuary, and though one missed here and there faces which were ever seen in God's house, how fresh came back to the heart the hallowed scenes and teachings of departed years! Many an eye filled with tears, and I believe many a heart was made better, by the lessons which memory brought back to us during that day's worship.

As the sacred hours wore away, one and another of the children and grandchildren dropped in from their own homes, until once again of a Sabbath evening we were all assembled under the paternal roof. According to our custom from childhood, we met for family prayers in the west parlor of the old mansion. As we gathered at the call, from hall and chamber to the wonted place, the full, rich sunlight of a summer's afternoon streamed through the thick blossoming foliage around the windows, and the Sabbath quiet,—the quiet of a New-England Sabbath,—seemed to have brooded over every heart. Our mother read aloud from the Bible, and middle-aged men, grown stern amid the cares and business of life, and mothers, whose homes and loved ones were far away, became children again in the hearing of that voice, whose tones from infancy to maturer years had taught them lessons of piety

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from God's Holy Word. A hymn, hastily written but a few hours before by one of the daughters, and which I transcribe unaltered, was then sung with an interest and depth of feeling that language cannot portray.

HYMN.

Once more a heartfelt greeting,
In the house which gave us birth !
Once more a Sabbath meeting
Around our father's hearth !
Now, while our sins confessing
We bend the knee in prayer
To heav'n, we send our blessing
For being gather'd here !

And when in prayer we're bending,
Will not sweet spirits come,
From the blest skies descending,
To join the group at home ?
(Green be the turf above them !
Soft be their lowly bed !
There still are hearts which love them,
Our bright, our early dead !)

We thank thee that our parents
In green old age abide,
And that once more we gather
Around them side by side !
Oh, may the lessons taught us
In days long since gone by,
By faithful hearts deep-cherish'd,
Lead to the home on high !

Each one of us hath taken
Life's weary burden up !
Each one of us partaken
Of sorrow's bitter cup ;—
Some o'er the grave low bending,
Have hid our treasures there,
While up to heaven sending
The agonizing prayer !

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And now, as soon we sever,
Each to his weary way,
From mem'ry's tablets never
Shall pass this blessed day.
And oh, when each succeeding,
We lay us down to rest,
Through the dear Saviour's pleasing,
May we meet among the blest!

After the singing of the hymn, we knelt in prayer. It was at the same family altar, where the earliest vows of the forgiven had been recorded, where the noblest aspirations of youth had been consecrated to Heaven, and where the faith of Christian parents had committed to God their departing children, to be guarded against the dangers of the world and kept holy and undefiled. It was an hour which those who were present can never forget, for all the events of long past years, which memory has gathered as her treasures, were again opened to the heart. At the close of the prayer, the eldest of the group, himself a man passing the meridian of life, taking the Bible from its envelope, laid it upon the knees of our parents, remarking only, that "at a meeting such as we could never expect again, it was deemed fitting to have some memorial as a token of respect and affection to our parents; that for this purpose we had chosen the Bible as the most meet emblem of what we felt; and that as it was the book they had given to each one of us as a guide in our early years, so we returned it to them as the staff of their age." I need not add that the last scene was the most touching, and the more so that it had been entirely unexpected.

The twilight of the evening was fading away before the group broke up. As we were rising to go, one mother remarked upon the cause of gratitude which the situation of each one of the children in life gave to all. "They owe it all to you," said the father. "No!" was the mother's reply, "they owe it all to this blessed book, the Bible."

I am, dear sir,
Very respectfully yours,

——— ———.

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LENOX, FROM THE NORTHWEST.

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THE LAST CHAPTER OF THE CHRONICLES OF THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE.

BY CATHARINE M. SEDGWICK.

Now George, of the tribe of Briggs, being of a goodly stature, and moreover having an upright mind and a pleasant speech, gained the hearts of his brethren.

And the dwellers in Massachusetts, chose him to be their head and chief ruler. And George dwelt in the goodly land of Berkshire, and his dwelling was in that upper valley of the Housatonic, which our fathers bought of the red men and called it Pittsfield.

Now in the first year of the magistracy of George, a good spirit entered into the hearts of the Sons of Berkshire, both of those who dwelt in the homes of their fathers, and of those who were dispersed abroad.

And to these last came visions and dreams, and the homes of their childhood rose before them, and they saw in vision the green and dewy hills of Berkshire, with their maple groves, and the wide shadowing elm which hath no equal for beauty and gracefulness among all the trees that the Lord hath made; and also the firs and the pines of their mountain tops; and the smiling vallies standing thick with corn, and the pasture and the orchard, and the skating and the coasting ground.

And there appeared before them in vision also, the fair daughters of their people even as they had seen them in the freshness and the beauty of their early days.

And the ripple of the lakes sparkling in their vallies, and the gushing of the streams from their hills was in their ears, like far off music.

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And their kindred who had been gathered to their fathers, the mother who had rocked their cradle, and he who had toiled for their youth, and brothers, and sisters, and friends, rose before them, and beckoned them to the land in which they were born.

And their hearts were faint within them till a goodly purpose was breathed into them and they spake with one voice, and said, "Hath not the Lord given us rest on every side." Now we will proclaim a Jubilee !—we will go up to our Jerusalem ! We will worship in the Temples of our fathers ! We will kiss the sod that covers the graves of our kindred ; and we will sit ourselves down in the old places where their shadows will pass before us !

And we will rejoice and make merry with our brethren ; and Memory and Hope shall be our pleasant ministers. And we will lay our hearts together and stir up the mouldering embers of old friendships till the fire burns within us, and this, even this sacred fire will we transmit to our childrens' children.

And even as they said, so did they; and in the summer solstice with one heart and one mind they came together.

The pilgrims from afar and the sojourners at home. Even from the valley of the Mississippi came they ; and from the yet farther country of the Missouri—and from the land of the sun, even from the south land, and from all the goodly lands round about Massachusetts.

And strangers who honored them, and whom they honored, also came ; not intermeddling with their joy, but greatly augmenting the sum thereof.

And they gathered together, a multitude of people, old men and elder women, young men and fair young maidens and much children—a very great company were they.

They came not, like the queen of Sheba, "bearing spices, and gold in abundance, and precious stones," but instead of these—sound minds well instructed—hearts of gold—loyalty to the land of their fathers—imperishable friendships—religious faith—all pearls of great price.

And a great heart was in the people of Pittsfield, and they

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opened the doors of their pleasant dwellings and bade their brethren enter therein. And they spread fine linen on their beds, and they covered their tables with the fat of the land; for the Lord had greatly blessed the people of Pittsfield.

And they said to all their brethren, come now and enter in, and freely take of our abundance, for lo have we not spread our tables for you; and hath not the angel of sleep dressed our beds, that our brethren may sleep therein?

And the faces of their brethren shone and they entered in; and they said, it was a true report we heard of thee, thy land doth excel, and thou hast greatly increased the riches and the beauty thereof. Corn aboundeth where, in the time of our fathers, the ground was barren. Thy flocks and thy herds are multiplied. Many goodly dwellings, such as were not aforetime hast thou set up. Thou hast enlarged the bounds of thy fruitful fields, and thou hast gemmed thy gardens with flowers. Walks hast thou laid out and planted them, and thou hast done well to cherish that stately elm, the monument of the past, the last relic of the forests where the red men hunted.

And moreover, here do we behold a wonder such as Solomon in all his wisdom conceived not of, when he said, "there is nothing new under the sun." Here in this land, the wilderness to which our fathers came but as yesterday, have ye builded a work which was not done, nay, nor was it so much as conceived of, by the cunning artificers of the east, nor by the many handed labor of Egypt, nor by the art of Greece; and even now is the report of its ponderous engines and passing multitudes in our ear!

And many words were spoken cheering the heart and lighting up the countenance.

And all the people went up together into the temple of the Lord. And there spake unto them Mark, the son of Archibald, and this was the same Archibald, albeit a tiller of the ground, honored among his brethren of the lower valley, for he loved much, and was an honest man, but now he was gathered to his fathers, and Mark his son was set up to be a light in the land and an instructor of the young men. And his brethren had chosen him to speak unto them, he being of an excellent spirit and know-

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ledge, and understanding, and noted for showing of hard sentences and dissolving of doubts. And he spake wisely and he greatly pleased his brethren: are not his words written in this Book of the Jubilee?

And William, the son of that priest of the valiant heart, who in the days of the oppression of the Kings, ministered unto the people of Pittsfield, he also spake unto his brethren.

And Joshua of the tribe of Spencer, a wise man and learned in the law spake to them. And he brought forth to them from their old Chronicles lost and forgotten treasures, and he pleased them with the sayings and doings of their fathers.

And a goodly tent was spread, and they did eat together, both men and women, with great gladness, but they drank not save of the pure water of their hill-country, for George their ruler, said unto them, touch not the wine-cup, for there be of our brethren who have perverted this good gift, and drunk of it to ther own destruction, and thereby causing us shame, and also much sorrow—threfore we will put away this evil from among us.

And they listened to the voice of their ruler, for they loved him, and they did the thing he desired.

And now all that Joshua spake, and also the sayings of the wise and the witty men, and the speech of the eloquent, and the salutation of the stranger, and the word spoken by the simple and loving heart, and the song sung to the stringed instruments, behold they are written in this Book of the Jubilee!

Now the time of separation came, and they blessed the Lord for that he had greatly blessed the land of their fathers.

And a spirit of meditation fell upon them, and they said in their hearts, our days on the earth are a shadow and there is none abiding.

One generation appeareth and passeth away, and another cometh, but the good that we do that shall remain.

Have we not this day listened to the words of Mark and Joshua, and have we not delighted to honor George, whom our brethren have set up to be a ruler over us? Whence come they forth—

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Mark, Joshua and George? Not from the rich, nor the learned—lo did not their fathers labor among us even with their hands! Now seeing this is the order of our land shall we not call on the son of the humble man to be diligent—shall we not multiply for him instruction, and open to him the fountains of knowledge, and remove far from him vanity and corruption?

We pass away, but our hills and our vallies they remain—in beauty hath the Lord made them. His creations are fair to look upon—shall not the work of our hands be in harmony with the Lord's work?

Therefore where the hand of the feller has felled the goodly trees we will plant and water, and the Lord will surely give us increase.

And when we build our temples, whether they be for the worship of the Lord our God, or for the instruction of our young men and maidens, or for the meeting of the rulers and judges of our land, we will seek a goodly pattern therefor of men cunning in art.

And also for the houses in which we dwell, and the barns, and whatever is builded with man's hands will we ask a pattern of men skilled in these matters, lest following the devices and desires of the ignorant we mar and burden the lovely land the Lord hath given us.

And our bridges, and our fences also shall be pleasant to the eye—and order and neatness shall be manifested about our habitations—and in all these things will we heed the warning which Benjamin, of the tribe of Franklin, hath given us in the parable of the "speckled axe," thereby warning us not to set down content with imperfection.

And we will enlarge our gardens and plant therein the fruits and flowers of divers countries; and our daughters shall tend them, as Eve dressed the garden in the days of her innocency.

And also we will not forget our burial-places where our kindred lay, and where we shall soon be gathered among them. We will extend the borders thereof. We will plant around them trees and fashion walks; that our young men and maidens may love to

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come thither to think on their fathers. And there shall be seats there for the old man at noon-tide to sit under the cool shade and meditate on the Life and Immortality which the Lord our Saviour hath brought to light.

And morevoer, we will plant flowers there, that our little children may come to pluck them, and the soft music of their feet may be on the sod that covers our graves.

And this good and much more did they purpose to the land they loved—even the pleasant land of Berkshire.

And when the hour of parting came, the bands of their early love were straitened. And they said with one accord, HENCEFORTH AND FOREVER WE ARE BRETHREN !

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GREAT BARRINGTON, FROM THE NORTHWEST.

NAMES

OF

EMIGRANT SONS

AS RECORDED IN THE REGISTRY.

[A Registry was prepared for the reception of the names of those who had gone out, and still reside out from Berkshire. But owing to the immense crowd, and to the fact that almost every moment of time was occupied in some public exercise, but comparatively a small part of those present, recorded their names. In copying from the Registry, we have omitted all who now live in the County. We shall be agreeably surprised if there are not mistakes in the names. They were written in great haste, and many of them so illegibly, that, though we have been assisted to decipher them by the bright eyes of two of Berkshire's fair daughters, we do not feel confident in all our spelling.—Ed.]

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REGISTRY.

NAMES.	PLACES OF BIRTH.	WHEN AND WHERE RESIDENT IN BERKSHIRE.	PRESENT RESIDENCE, AND REMARKS.
J. C. Brigham,	New Marlborough,	1806	New-York.
Joshua N. Danforth,	Pittsfield,	Pittsfield, from 1798 to 1815	Alexandria, Dist. of Columbia.
Jared Curtis,	Stockbridge,		Charlestown, Mass. Clergyman.
Thomas Mosely,	Pittsfield,		Ann Arbor, Michigan.
Maria Tillotson Mosely,	Farmington, Conn.,	Pittsfield, from 1832 to 1837	" "
Lemuel Pomery, Jr.,	Pittsfield,		Monroeville, Ohio.
Aurelia Hollister Pomeroy,	"		" "
Seth Burgess,	Dalton,	from 1776 to 1781	Elbridge, N. Y.
Charles E. West,	Washington,	from 1809 to 1830	New-York. Principal of Rutger's Fem. Institute.
D. Crocker,	Andover, Conn.,	Richmond, from 1776 to 1780	Charleston, S. C.
W. W. Turner,	Great Barrington,	from 1800 to 1819	Hartford, Conn.
Levi Clark,	Lanesborough,	from 1781 to 1800	Elbridge, N. Y.
James L. Bagg,	"	from 1815 to 1838	Syracuse, N. Y.
Asahel L. Smith,	"	from 1811 to 1826	" "
William Chapman,	Pittsfield,	from 1813 to 1829	Middletown, Conn.
John Mills,	Sandisfield,	1812	Springfield, Mass.
Drake Mills,	"	from 1792 to 1811	Charleston, S. C., 1817. New-York, 1828.
George W. Carson,	Dalton,	from 1823 to 1826	Albany, N. Y.
Calvin Durfee,	Pittsfield,	from 1797 to 1825	Dedham.
J. Sidney Lewis,	Lenox, May 23, 1795,	1808	New-York.
Louisa M. Lewis,	" 1798,	1808	"
Sidney Warner,		Sheffield, from 1820 to 1831	Waterloo, N. Y.
Rev. Charles Bently,	Tyringham,	from 1799 to 1818	Harwinton, Conn.
Cyrus W. Field,	Stockbridge,		New-York.
H. N. Brinsmade,		Pittsfield, from 1834 to 1841	Newark, N. J.
H. B. Hooker,	Rutland, Vt.,	Lanesborough, from 1827 to 1836	Falmouth, Mass.
Ezekiel Bacon,	Stockbridge,	Pittsfield, Williamstown, Stockbridge, from 1776 to 1815	Utica, N. Y. Representative in Congress from Berkshire District, from 1807 to 1813, and Chief Justice of court of common pleas for the western district of Mass. from 1812 to 1814, and Comptroller of U. S. Treasury.
Samuel A. Danforth,	Pittsfield,	Pittsfield, from 1804 to 1837	Boston.
Russell S. Cook,	New Marlborough,	Lenox, from 1814 to 1826	New-York. Cor. Sec'y American Tract Society.

A. S. Hubbell,	Lancsborough,	1836	Newark, N. J. Lawyer.
Isaac Hills,	Lenox,	from 1798 to 1821	Rochester, N. Y.
Jerusha Kirkland Lothrop,	Stockbridge,		Utica, N. Y.
Otis Mills,	Sandisfield,	from 1794 to 1818	Charleston, S. C.
Samuel S. Mills,	"	from 1804 to 1824	" "
William B. Whitney,	Lenox,	from 1800 to 1819	Corning, N. Y. Lawyer.
E. D. Beach,	Sandisfield,	from 1809 to 1834	Springfield. Mass, Lawyer.
William J. Bacon,	Williamstown,	from 1803 to 1815	Utica, N. Y. Lawyer.
William H. Mosely,	Pittsfield,	from 1796 to 1809	Ware Village, Mass.
Rev. Timothy Woodbridge,	Stockbridge,	from 1784 to 1814	Spencertown, N. Y.
J. Edwards Lee,	Otis,	from 1821 to 1833	Salisbury, Conn.
Jonathan Huntington,	Hinsdale,	from 1804 to 1827	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Charles Lombard,	Stockbridge,	from 1790 to 1798	Elbridge, N. Y.
D. C. Whitwood,	West Stockbridge,	1836	Dexter, Michigan.
Mrs. James Fowler,	Westfield.	from 1804 to 1841	Westfield, Mass.
Asa Johnson and wife,	Sheffield,	from 1780 to 1802	East Bloomfield, N. Y.
John B. Eldridge,	Southwick,	from 1817 to 1826	Hartford, Conn. Printer.
M. S. Bidwell,	Stockbridge,	from 1791 to 1812	New-York.
R. C. Wheeler,	Southbury, Ct.,	from 1807 to 1817	New-York. Lawyer.
J. W. Wheeler,	Southeast, N. Y.	from 1807 to 1826	Hyde Park, N. Y. Farmer.
E. P. Woodruff,	Sandisfield,	from 1798 to 1819	New-York.
C. Gold Lee,	Pittsfield,	from 1823 to 1825	Syracuse, N. Y. Clergyman.
L. Churchill,	Stockbridge,	from 1778 to 1840	Utica, N. Y. Merchant.
Mrs. L. Churchill,	"	from 1777 to 1840	" "
Mary Churchill,	"		" "
Norman Leonard,	Sheffield,	from 1800 to 1824	Westfield, Mass. Counsellor at Law.
Lyman Cobb,	Stockbridge,	from 1800 to 1816	New-York. Author.
Heman Ticknor,	Alford,	from 1800 to 1825	Kelloggsville, Ohio. Merchant.
F. B. Austin,	Richmond,	from 1818	New-York. Merchant.
Uriah Edwards,	"	from 1781 to 1798	Canecau, N. Y.
John Saxton,	Sheffield,	from 1800 to 1822	New-York.
Joseph H. J. Dwight,	Great Barrington,	from 1785 to 1806	Oxford, N. Y. Forwarder.
Cyrus T. Francis,	Pittsfield,	from 1811 to 1835	Albany, N. Y. Broker.
William Hendrix	West Stockbridge,	from 1817 to 1835	Marion, Ala. Merchant.
Lawrence Ford,	Richmond,	from 1789 to 1794	Little Falls, N. Y. Counsellor at Law.
James Larned,	Pittsfield,	from 1793 to 1814	Washington, D. C. C. C. 1st Comptroller's office.
Thomas Allen,	"	from 1813 to 1832	St. Louis, Mo.
Johnson Hall,	Sheffield,	from 1794 to 1797	Syracuse, N. Y. Merchant.
Stephen W. Brown,	Williamstown,	from 1797 to 1799	Little Falls, N. Y.
J. Wheelock Allen,	Pittsfield,	from 1813 to 1817	Wayland, Mass. Clergyman.

REGISTRY—(Continued.)

Names.	Places of Birth.	When and where resident in Berkshire.	Present Residence, and Remarks.
Cyrus A. Stowell, ...	Peru,.....	..... from 1808 to 1833	Streetsboro, Ohio. Farmer.
William Allen,.....	Pittsfield,.....	Pittsfield, ... from 1784 to 1817	Northampton, Mass. Clergyman.
David D. Field, ...	Madison, Ct., ...	Stockbridge,..... from 1819 to 1837	Haddam, Ct. "
Joel Johnson, ...	.....	New Marlborough from 1811 to 1832	Springfield, Mass.
Clark Wright,.....	Windsor,.....	Pittsfield, ... from 1800 to 1824	New-York. Physician.
Charles J. F. Allen, ...	Pittsfield, ...	" ..... from 1810 to 1830	Boston. Public Appraiser C. House.
F. Hollister, ...	"	" ..... from 1812 to 1826	Utica. Merchant and Manufacturer.
Milo Osborne,.....	Lenox,.....	..... from 1809 to 1827	New-York. Engraver.
Wells Colton,.....	"	..... from 1812 to 1834	Bloomington, Ill. Att'y at Law.
John P. Putnam,.....	Brooklyn, Conn., ...	Williamstown,.... from 1805 to 1809	White Creek, N. Y. Att'y at Law.
Charles A. Dewey,.....	Williamstown, ...	..... from 1793 to 1826	Northampton, Mass. Judge Sup. Sup. Mass.
L. A. Smith, ...	Haverill, N. H., ...	Williamstown,.... from 1821 to 1827	Newark, N. J. M. D.
Frances L. Griffin Smith, ..	Newark, N. J.,.....	" .... from 1821 to 1827	Newark, N. J.
John S. Stone,.....	West Stockbridge, ...	West Stockbridge, from 1795 to 1817	Brooklyn N. Y. Rector of Christ's Church.
Aaron Pickett, ...	Sandisfield, ...	" " from 1792 to 1814	Reading, Mass. Pastor of Cong. Church.
Henry C. Brace,.....	Stockbridge,.....	..... from 1823 to 1839	Hartsville, N. Y.
David Mosely Hinsdale, ...	Hinsdale,.....	..... from 1808 to 1838	Pontiac, Michigan. Merchant.
E. W. Leavenworth, ...	Canaan, N. Y.,.....	Great Barrington,. from 1806 to 1827	Syracuse, N. Y. Counsellor at Law.
G. C. Merrill, ...	Hinsdale,.....	..... from 1815 to 1836	New-York. Tailor.
William A. Boyd, ...	Richmond, ...	..... from 1785	Monroe, Michigan. Merchant.
Henry Clay Gates, ...	Pittsfield, ...	Westfield,..... from 1819 to 1841	Westfield. Tailor.
Noah Rossiter, ...	Richmond, ...	..... from 1797 to 1842	Little Falls, N. Y. Merchant.
Lester Keep,.....	Lee,.....	..... from 1797 to 1828	Fair Haven, Conn. Physician.
M. A. Curtis,.....	Stockbridge,.....	..... from 1808 to 1827	Hillsborough, N. C. Clergyman.
Louson Nash, ...	Great Barrington,.....	..... from 1781 to 1805	Gloucester, Mass. Lawyer.
William Buel,.....	Litchfield, Conn.,.....	Sheffield, ... from 1790 to 1816	Litchfield, Conn. Physician.
William A. Gold,.....	Pittsfield,.....	Pittsfield, ... from 1821 to 1835	New-York. Com. Merchant.
John Barnabee, ...	Peru, ...	..... from 1811 to 1840	York, Ohio. Farmer.
D. D. Field,.....	Haddam, Conn., ...	Stockbridge, ... from 1818 to 1824	New-York. Lawyer.
Dudley Field, ...	New-York,.....	" ..... from 1836 to 1841	"
Mark H. Sibley,.....	Great Barrington, ...	..... from 1798 to 1814	Canandaigua, N. Y. Lawyer.
H. R. Hubbell, ...	Williamstown, ...	..... from 1829	Troy, N. Y. Merchant.
Frederick Sedgwick, ...	Lenox,.....	.....	Salisbury, Conn. Teacher.
Russell Austin, ...	Richmond, ...	..... from 1772 to 1821	New-York. Farmer.

J. C. Chesbrough,	Baltimore,	from 1837 to 1841	Wheatfield, N. Y.
H. P. Chesbrough,	Pittsfield,	1841	"
Franklin Gay Taylor	Lee,	from 1826 to 1841	Auburn, N. Y. Theo. Student.
Mason Noble,	Williamstown,	from 1809 to 1827	New-York. Clergyman.
C. P. Noble,	Hanodsburg, Ky.,	1820	New-York.
Joseph Hyde,	Lee,	from 1802 to 1818	" Agent Amer. Bible Society.
William Hyde,	"	from 1806 to 1826	Ware, Mass. Cashier.
Hubbard Beebe,	Richmond,	from 1808 to 1829	Westfield, Mass. Preceptor.
Solomon B. Noble,	Williamstown,	from 1819 to 1837	New-York. Lawyer.
Joel Danforth,	Tyringham,	from 1789 to 1800	Otisco, N. Y. Farmer.
Charles B. Gold,	Pittsfield,	from 1832	Buffalo, N. Y.
Henry Goodrich,	"	from 1794 to 1812	East Greenbush.
J. C. Hubbell,	Lanesborough,	from 1805	
Eunice Rossiter,	Richmond,	from 1811 to 1833	St. Charles, Mo. Teacher.
Roswald Brown,	Sandisfield,	from 1797 to 1825	Hartford, Conn.
Cyarina H. Hubbard,	Cheshire,	from 1813	Cummington, Mass.
Chester P. Dewey,	Pittsfield,	from 1826 to 1836	Rochester, N. Y.
Samuel R. Betts,	Richmond,	1806	New-York. Judiciary.
Mrs. C. A. Betts,	Williamstown,	1816	"
A. D. Matthews,	Hinsdale,	from 1809 to 1823	Brooklyn, N. Y. Merchant.
Timothy Wright,	Newburgh, N. Y.,	from 1817 to 1834	Granville, Michigan. Merchant.
Francis Warriner,	Springfield,	Pittsfield, from 1815 to 1822	Chester, Mass. Clergyman.
Daniel James,	Stockbridge,	from 1776 to 1813	Utica, N. Y. Physician.
R. M. Townsend,	Hancock,	from 1806 to 1831	Troy, N. Y. Lawyer.
John A. Cone,	Great Barrington,	from 1819 to 1840	New-York. Merchant.
Abner Hitchcock,	New Marlborough,	from 1812 to 1841	"
Fred. Hubbard,	Pittsfield,	from 1826 to 1843	Boston.
Homer Bartlett,	Granby, Mass.,	Williamstown, from 1815 to 1824	Lowell. Manufacturer.
Emerson Davis,	Ware, "	" from 1818 to 1821	Westfield. Clergyman.
A. Robbins,	Lenox,		New-York.
Thomas Robbins,	"	from 1820 to 1841	"
A. R. Northrop,	Tyringham,		Oneida Co. N. Y.
Custis Hoppin,	Lanesborough,	from 1785 to 1810	New Lebanon, N. Y. Farmer.
James W. Lallin,	Lee,	from 1822 to 1838	Chicago, Ill. Merchant.
L. M. Crane,	Dalton,	from 1822 to 1840	
R. L. Spellman,	Williamstown,	from 1832 to 1836	Albany, N. Y. Merchant.
O. B. Pierce,	Zoar,	from 1808 to 1809	Rome, N. Y. Author.
J. H. Pierson,	Richmond,	from 1766 to 1795	Ramapo, N. Y. Manufacturer.
Elizabeth Colt,	Pittsfield,	from 1800 to 1810	" "
Charles S. J. Goodrich,	"	from 1802 to 1826	Brooklyn. Physician.

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REGISTRY—(Continued.)

Names.	Places of Birth.	When and where resident in Berkshire.	Present Residence, and Remarks.
D. Goodrich,	Pittsfield,	from 1806 to 1827	Albany, N. Y. Lumber Dealer.
Bancroft Fowler,	"	from 1775 to 1797	Greenfield, N. H. Clergyman.
Elizabeth P. Jackson,	"		Schenectady, N. Y.
P. L. Brewster,	"		Rochester, N. Y.
Mary Ruthven,	"		New-York.
Chester Dewy,	Sheffield,	from 1784 to 1836	Rochester, N. Y.
Olivia P. Dewy,	Pittsfield,	from 1801 to 1836	" "
Elisha Mack, 3d,	Windsor,	from 1811	Albany, N. Y.
Asa Clinton Pierce,	Hinsdale,	from 1820 to 1843	Granby, Mass. Teacher.
A. Cogswell Frissell,	Peru,		South America.
J. O. B. Ford,	Berkshire Co.		Hamburg, S. C.
John O. Brien,	Great Barrington,		Durham, N. Y.
Calvin Hall,	Cheshire,	from 1819	Deerfield, N. Y. Merchant.
Mrs. Harriet G. Robinson,	Pittsfield,	from 1806	Albany, N. Y.
David Goodrich,	"	from 1806 to 1827	" "
Mrs. Amelia Goodrich,	"	1830	Harman, N. Y.
Charles F. Smyth,	Hinsdale,	from 1807 to 1827	Albany, N. Y. Merchant,
Julia Brattle Burbaek,	Pittsfield,	1834	Hartford, Conn.
Wells Fowler,	"	from 1799 to 1816	Fowlerville, N. Y. Farmer.
Mrs. Laura Fowler,	"	from 1797 to 1838	Fowlerville, N. Y.
John Henry Hopkins,	Stockbridge,	from 1810 to 1826	Richmond, Va. Civil Engineer.
Mary Hopkins,	"		"
Fanny J. Wright,	Pittsfield,	Pittsfield,	Rochester.
Truman Bagg,	"		Grafton, Ohio.
Lydia Bagg,	"		" "
Jesse W. Goodrich,	"		Worcester, Mass. Lawyer and Editor.
H. H. Hickcox,	Lanesborough,	from 1790 to 1805	Albany, N. Y.
Ezra Smith,	Richmond,		Cambridge, N. Y.
Amaziah Brigham,	New Marlborough,	from 1799 to 1822	Utica, N. Y. Sup't State Lunatic Asylum.
Silas R. Kellogg,	Sheffield,	1837	Erie, Pa.
Robt. T. Ensign,	"	from 1819 to 1840	Wolcottville. Merchant.
Thophilas Steele,	Egremont,	from 1785	Clinton, N. Y.

Mrs. R. A. Gibbs,	.....	.....	Blanford, Mass.
Mrs. Lucia A. Chase,	.....	.....	St. Louis, Mo.
M. C. Peppers,	Windsor,	..... from 1813 to 1831	New-York. Chair manufacturer.
Edward Williams,	Lenox,	..... from 1801 to 1818	New-York. Merchant.
Mason A Shattuck,	Williamstown,	..... from 1814 to 1840	Mont. Co., Pa. Teacher.
Silas Goodrich,	Lanesborough,	Lanesborough, ... from 1810 to	Elbridge. N. Y.
John Watson,	Great Barrington,	West Stockbridge, from 1811	Fayetteville, N. Y.
Mrs. Will. A. Cook & Son,	.....	Pittsfield, ... to 1795	Syracuse, N. Y.
C. N. Mattoon,	Lenox, ...	Lenox, ... from 1825	Aurora, N. Y. Clergyman.
Luke Power and wife,	Adams,	South Adams..... from 1785	Hudson, N. Y.
Dudley Dana,	Windsor,	Windsor, ... from 1801 to 1830	Syracuse, N. Y. Merchant.
Nathan Jackson,	Tyringham,	..... from 1780 to 1799	New-York.
Francis Fowler,	Stockbridge,	..... from 1832 to 1839	Madison, N. J. Teacher.
W. W. Theobald,	South Tyringham,	.... from 1815 to 1822	Fairfax Co., Va. Classical Instructor.
Wolcott M. Spencer,	Litchfield Co.	Stockbridge, ... from 1829	Springfield, Ohio. Mercantile.
Cornelia Spencer,	Stockbridge,	..... from 1807 to 1830	" "
A. D. Eddy	Williamstown,	..... from 1798 to 1814	Newark, N. J. Pres. Clergyman.
Elizabeth A. C. Eddy,	Pittsfield,	.... from 1804 to 1812	" "
James B. Judd,	Lenox,	..... from 1822 to 1843	Aytalan, W. Tenn. Agriculture.
Jonathan Lee,	Salisbury, Ct.,	..... from 1786 to 1834	
James K. Bartholomew,	Great Barrington,	..... from 1816 to 1835	New-York. Merchant.
George Wainwright,	" "	..... from 1830 to 1839	Florida. U. S. Army.
James Bradford,	Sheffield,	..... from 1817 to 1839	Pierre, La Salle Co., Ill. Lawyer.
Egbert N. Fairchild,	Great Barrington,	..... from 1802 to 1815	Ogdensburgh, N. Y. Merchant.
Horace Bacon,	Richmond,	..... from 1807	Troy, N. Y. Teacher.
Daniel Bradley,	Lee,	..... from 1776 to 1779	Yonkers, N. Y. Farmer.
Henry Churchill,	Stockbridge,	..... from 1812 to 1840	Rochester. Tanner.
Charles Doolittle,	Hancock,	.... from 1802 to 1816	Middle Granville, N. Y. Clergyman.
Silas W. Curtiss	Stockbridge,	..... from 1816 to 1836	Hamburg, Ga. Merchant.
Joshua G. Gay,	Pittsfield,	..... from 1821 to 1840	New Haven, Conn. Merchant.
Horace Clark,	"	..... from 1795 to 1811	Buffalo, N. Y. Farmer.
James Hollister,	"	..... from 1805 to 1826	" " Merchant.
Joel A. Young,	Hinsdale,	..... from 1788 to 1807	Albany, N. Y. Farmer.
Levi Tremain,	.....	..... from 1803 to 1804	Greene Co., N. Y.
Mrs. Tremain,	Pittsfield,	..... from 1790 to 1801	" "
Miss Eliza Tremain,	Green Co.	..... from 1823	" "
G. W. Francis,	Pittsfield,	..... from 1779 to 1826	Troy, N. Y. Lawyer.
Martha A. Kellogg,	Williamstown,	..... from 1802 to 1829	" "
Francis Deming,	"	..... from 1797 to 1829	
Hector Whitman,	New Ashford,	..... from 1800	

REGISTRY—(CONTINUED.)

NAMES.	PLACE OF BIRTH.	WHEN AND WHERE RESIDENT IN BERKSHIRE.	PRESENT RESIDENCE, AND REMARKS.
Stephen Bosworth, ...	Sandisfield, ...	..... from 1788 to 1826	Catskill, N. Y. Merchant.
Geo. Thatcher,.....	Lee, ...	..... from 1811 to 1839	Southwick. Tobacconist.
John B. Royce,.....	Lanesborough	..... from 1795 to 1815	N. Y. Farmer.
E. B. Peet,.....	New Marlborough,...	..... from 1815 to 1828	New-York.
E. Hotchkin, ...	Richmond, ...	..... from 1803 to 1827	Choctaw Nation.
David Whittlesey,.....	Stockbridge,.....	..... from 1775 to 1801	Berlin, Conn. Farmer.
A. P. Smith,.....	"	..... from 1802	New-York. Broker.
William S. Ruthven, ...	Lanesborough, ...	..... from 1801 to 1818	Madison Co., N. Y. Carpenter.
Geo. W. Strong,.....	Pittsfield, ...	..... from 1816 to 1818	New Hartford, N. Y. Farmer.
George Colt,.....	"	.....	St. Augustine, Florida. Planter.
Thomas Egleston, ...	Lenox,.....	..... from 1800 to 1825	New-York. Merchant.
Zenas S. Clark, ...	Lanesborough, ...	..... from 1797 to 1836	Elbridge, N. Y.
Eliza R. Clark,.....	Northampmton, ...	..... from 1832 to 1836	Elbridge, N. Y.
B. Selden Cone,.....	Williamstown, ...	..... from 1802 to 1831	Chester, N. H.
Curtis C. Cady, ...	Dalton,.....	..... from 1792 to 1831	——, N. Y. M. C.
Robert Hollister, ...	Pitsfield, ...	..... from 1807 to 1824	Buffalo. Merchant.
Alpheus Osborne, ...	"	..... from 1791 to 1800	North Hadley, Mass.
David Platt,.....	"	..... from 1816	Boston.
Anson B. Platt, ...	"	..... from 1814	Buffalo.
George Colt, ...	Hinsdale,.....	..... from 1813 to 1837	Kalamazoo, Michigan.
H. L. Warner, ...	Sheffield,.....	..... from 1820 to 1841	Waterloo, N. Y.
Jesse Clark,.....	Lee, ...	..... from 1789 to 1809	" "
H. Thompson,.....	Peru, ...	..... from 1810 to 1829	Little Falls, N. Y.
Nathan Brown,.....	Williamstown, ...	..... from 1789 to 1798	Oppenheim, N. Y.
Augustus F. Barnes, ...	Pittsfield, ...	..... from 1816 to 1831	Boston. Merchant.
Franklin Brown, ...	"	..... from 1821 to 1835	Concord, N. H.
Abiatha M. Osborne, ...	"	..... from 1808 to 1829	New-York. Clergyman.
D. P. Leadbetter, ...	Partridgefield,.....	Richmond, ... from 1798 to 1816	Millenburgh, Ohio. Attorney.
Waterman Smith,.....	Dalton, ...	..... from 1797 to 1834	Medina, Ohio. Farmer.
Royal Willard,.....	Pittsfield, ...	..... from 1787 to 1831	Rockport, Ohio. Farmer.
Samuel H. Rathbun, ...	"	..... from 1812 to 1825	Burlington Falls, Vt. Manufacturer.
John L. Dorrance, ...	Dalton,.....	..... from 1811 to 1829	Batavia, N. Y. Merchant.
John K. Durfee,.....	Stockbridge,	Great Barrington,. from 1804 to 1825	Carbondale, Pa. Carpenter.
Amos Andrews, ...	"	..... from 1803 to 1828	St. Louis, Mo. Principal of Institution.

Elijah Andrews,	Stockbridge,	from 1827 to 1828	Midshipman U. S. Navy.
Joshua A. Spencer,	Great Barrington,	from 1790 to 1806	Utica. Counsellor at Law.
Thomas Spencer,		from 1793 to 1804	Geneva, N. Y. Physician.
Nathaniel Kellogg,	Dalton,	from 1801 to 1826	Wethersfield, Conn. Chaplain, State Prison.
John Darby,	North Adams,	from 1804 to 1831	Macon, Geo. Prof. of Chemistry and Nat. Phil.
Jason Torrey,	Williamstown,	from 1792 to 1793	Honesdale, Pa. Surveyor.
William Sturgis,	Lee,	from 1773	Sandwich. Stone Engraver.
H. D. Webster,	Stockbridge,	from 1820 to 1840	Troy, N. Y. Merchant.
N. Webster,	"	from 1818 to 1834	" " Book-keeper.
Josiah Sturgis,	Lee,	from 1817 to 1835	Nantucket. Stove Dealer.
William Sherwood,	Greenfield, Ct.	Great Barrington, from 1386 to 1816	New-York city. Teacher.
Lydia A. Kellogg,	Gt. Barrington,	from 1778 to 1816	" "
Eliza R. Sherwood,	"		" "
Mary Frances Sherwood,	"		" "
Lydia Sherwood,	"		" "
Edward Wright,	Williamstown,	from 1826 to 1839	Chicago, Ill.
George Sargeant,	Stockbridge,	from 1820 to 1826	Northampton, Mass. Merchant.
Silas Metcalf,	Lenox,	from 1801 to 1823	Kinderhook, N. Y. Teacher.
William A. Tyler,	Hinsdale,	from 1807 to 1826	New-York city. Druggist.
Alvah Morrell,	Lenox,	from 1790 to 1827	East Windsor, Ct. Farmer.
Lucius Bulkly,	Williamstown,	from 1824 to 1843	Albany. Law Student.
King Strong,	Pittsfield,	from 1781 to 1818	New Hartford. Farmer.
Alvin Hollister,	Lenox,	from 1792 to 1815	Euclid, Ohio.
Herman S. Noble,	Pittsfield,	from 1804 to 1819	Watertown, N. Y. Printer.
Oliver Allen,	"	from 1798 to 1819	Wheatland, N. Y. Woollen manufacturer.
Winthrop Phelps,	"	from 1772 to 1789	Chatham, N. Y. Tanner.
Orville Dewey,	Sheffield,	from 1794 to 1817	New-York city. Clergyman.
Alonzo Crittenden,	Richmond,	from 1801 to 1821	Albany. Principal of A. F. A.
Joshua R. Hays,	Pittsfield,	from 1787 to 1828	" Builder.
William E. Hays,	"		"
Ann Eliza Hays,	"		"
Mrs. Harriet G. Foxcoft,	"	from 1817 to 1837	Dedham, Mass.
Ovid P. Wells,	Washington,	Pittsfield, from 1805 to 1829	New-York. Physician.
Frederick H. Bacon,	Great Barrington,	from 1823 to 1831	Albany. Printer.
Jacob W. Taylor,	Pittsfield,	from 1790 to 1810	Cortlandville, N. Y. Farmer.
E. M. Bacon,	Lanesborough,	from 1799 to 1826	Washtenew Co., Michigan. Farmer.
John Williams,	Richmond,	from 1781 to 1805	Richfield, N. Y. Farmer.
Samuel Churchill,	Stockbridge,		Utica. Merchant.
S. D. Mills,	Sandisfield,	from 1822 to 1838	Little Falls, N. Y. Merchant.
Mrs. Thaddeus Joy,	Stockbridge,	from 1784 to 1802	Albany.

REGISTRY—(CONTINUED.)

NAMES.	PLACES OF BIRTH.	WHEN AND WHERE RESIDENT IN BERKSHIRE.	PRESENT RESIDENCE, AND REMARKS.
Charles G. Smith, ...	Hinsdale, ...	..... from 1807 to 1827	Albany.
Huet R. Root, ...	Great Barrington, ...	.....	Utica. Lawyer.
Lyman Clapp, ...	Pittsfield, ...	....	New-York city. Merchant.
Mrs. Lyman Clapp, ...	Hancock, ...	.....	"
Sarah Sergeant Churchill, ..	Stockbridge, ...	..... from 1787 to 1796	New Lebanon, N. Y. Grand-daughter of the first missionary.

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INDEX.

Page.

View of Pittsfield, (in part,) 2
Committee of Publication appointed, ... 5
Introduction, ... 7
New-York Committee, ... 15
Berkshire Committee, ... 15
Auxiliary Town Committees, ... 16
Financial Committee, ... 17
Committee of Reception, ... 17
Officers of the Jubilee, ... 17

FIRST DAY.

Reception Meeting—Speech of Mr. Gold, ... 19
Mr. Cook's Response, ... 21
The Hill—Order of Procession, ... 24
Marshal and Assistant Marshals, ... 24
Public Exercises—Anthem, Prayer, &c., ... 25
View of Williamstown, ... 28
Sermon, by Dr. Hopkins, ... 29
Poem, by Dr. Allen, ... 67
Notes on the Poem, ... 89
Public Exercises—Hymn, ... 95
The Mother-land's Home Call, Poem by W. P. Palmer, ... 97
Response to the Mother-land's Home Call, ... 99
Public Exercises—Doxology and Benediction, ... 99

SECOND DAY.

Ode, by Judge Bacon, ... 101
Song, by a Lady, ... 103
View of Young Ladies' Institute, ... 106
Oration by Mr. Spencer, ... 107
Ode, by Mrs. F. K. Butler, ... 133
The Stockbridge Bowl, by Mrs. Sigourney, ... 139
Song, by Mrs. Sigourney, ... 141
Ode, by Mrs. L. Hyde, ... 143
Public Exercises—Singing, ... 147
" " —Benediction, ... 148
View of Dinner Tent, ... 150
Fac-simile of the Dinner Ticket, ... 151
The Dinner, ... 153
Speech of Gov. Briggs, ... 153
Speech of Hon. M. S. Bidwell, ... 159

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Page.
Sentiment, by Drake Mills, Esq. ... 160
Speech of Dr. Holmes, ... 161
Poem, by Dr. Holmes, ... 162
Speech of Judge Dewey, ... 164
Sentiment, by Thomas Allen, Esq., ... 166
Speech of Hon. John Mills, ... 166
Sentiment, by C. B. Gold, of Buffalo, ... 170
Sentiment, by Reuel Smith, Esq., ... 170
Speech of Theodore Sedgwick, Esq. ... 170
Speech of Mr. Macready, and Poem, ... 172
Speech and Sentiment of Mr. Colden, ... 173
Sentiment, by Dr. Goodrich, ... 174
Sentiment, by Pres. Humphrey, ... 174
Sentiment, by Josiah Quincy, of New-Hampshire, ... 174
Speech of D. D. Field, Esq. ... 174
Speech of Prof. Dewey, of Rochester, N. Y. ... 176
Song, sung by Young Men, ... 179
Tribute to the memory of Dr. Channing, ... 180
Sentiment, by J. C. Brigham, D. D. ... 182
Sentiment, by Hon. Timothy Childs, of Rochester, ... 182
Sentiment, by Dr. L. A. Smith, of Newark, N. J. ... 183
Sentiment, to the memory of Dr. Hyde, of Lee, by W. P. Palmer, ... 183
Sentiment, by Silas Metcalf, of Kinderhook, N. Y. ... 183
Sentiment, by T. Joy, of Albany, ... 183
Sentiment, by D. C. Whitewood, of Michigan, ... 184
Sentiment, by Rev. Joshua N. Danforth, ... 184
Speech of Orville Dewey, D. D. ... 185
Speech of Hon Julius Rockwell, ... 187
Sentiment, by Mrs. Sigourney, ... 188
Sentiment, by a Young Lady, ... 188
Song, composed and sung by the Ladies of the Institute, ... 189
Speech of Hon. Judge Betts, Chairman of N. Y. Com. ... 190
Speech of Rev. Mr. Todd, Chairman Co. Com. ... 191
The Parting at the Table, ... 192
View of the Village of Stockbridge, ... 194

APPENDIX.

Recollection of the Stockbridge Indians, ... 197
View of the Village of Lee, ... 208
Literature of Berkshire, ... 209
Metaphysical Writers, ... 209
Missionaries of Berkshire, ... 210
Soldiers and Chaplains of Berkshire, ... 211
Letter from Hon. Mr. Barnard, ... 214
A Berkshire Family Scene, ... 218
View of the village of Lenox, ... 224
The Last Chapter of the Chronicles of the Berkshire Jubilee, ... 225
View of the Village of Great Barrington, ... 232
Names of the Emigrant Sons, ... 233

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